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SWEETHEART.

My sweetheart is the daintiest thing alive,
So fair is she it makes me half afraid
Lest, all unwitting, some harsh touch of mine
May mar her fragile form—my winsome maid
I live in fear lest some rude, wand'ring wind
Her floating ringlets may too roughly part;
I tremble lest the sun too warmly kiss
The cheek of her, my dove, my dearest heart.

Within her eyes there dwells a mystery,
A depth unfathomed as I gaze and gaze,
That draweth forth my very soul from me,
Leaving me lost in wondering amaze
I marvel much from what still, secret source
Those fountains feed, that look so darkly deep
Yet limpid as a mountain stream at dawn,
Where unborn thunders lie and lightnings sleep.

At touch of her soft hand my heart leaps forth
As it would burst its narrow prison bars.
I did not dream such wealth of tenderness
Could dwell in hearts this side the twinkling stars.
For my sweetheart is new; my love is new—
This love of all my life the dearest part.
Scarce has she tried to fashion words, but she
Learned first to say, "I'm mamma's own sweetheart."

O winds, blow softly that you chill her not!
O sunbeams, touch with care that perfect face!
O flowers and birds, come hither, one and all,
If you would learn some new, more witching grace!
Ah, can you wonder that I live in fear
Lest, seeing her, the envious heavens part
And take her in her loveliness from me,
My rarest, fairest blossom, sweet my heart?
—Harriet F. Carvin in Housekeepers' Weekly.

A QUARTER PAST SIX.

"No, I can't get to sleep with one in the room. And yet a clock once saved my life—after it had come near making me lose it."

As he spoke, Lieut. Halford lifted a dainty little timepiece from its position in the center of the mantel, and carried it off to the closet, where he deposited it on one of the shelves.

"Nonsense, Frank!" rejoined his room fellow for the night, an old time schoolmate, Grant Young. "You're the last man I would ever accuse of being fussy."

"Not having heard my clock story, you are, of course, ignorant of the fact that I was once tried for murder."

"See here, Frank, don't trifle with a fellow's nerves on a night like this."

Then, seeing that his friend's face was deeply serious, Young added, "Go on, Frank."

"It was shortly before I joined the army, and when I was out in Arizona prospecting with a party from Denver. We had struck a good thing near the little town with the most inappropriate name of Bluebell. It was a newly settled place, and settled with some pretty poor material, too. A vein of silver had been struck in the hill close by, and the town sprang up like a sky rocket. You needn't knit your brows, Grant, and try to recall the place; the vein proved a very short one, and Bluebell's soaring soon came down like a stick, and now I doubt if there are a dozen families left there.

"At the time of which I speak, however, Bluebell was a city of considerable pretensions—for its kind. It boasted a hotel with two rooms, a shaving saloon with a regular barber's chair, and a small tailoring establishment, as the sign had it, which we fellows of the Baby Mine found a great improvement on amateur darns and button fastenings.

"This tailor shop was kept by a German, named Bilsing, one of the most repulsive looking men I have ever seen. He was short, almost a dwarf in size, with fingers like talons and a nose that was almost a perfect beak. He was surly and disagreeable, but being a good workman, and having a monopoly of the trade, he did a thriving business. But he was avaricious to a degree, and resorted to all sorts of devices to extort pay that was not due him.

"One afternoon I had gone to his place to have a rent in my coat lining sewed up. While he was at work on it, not wishing to be detained in the shop longer than I could help, I asked him how much it would be, and on his answering 25 cents took a quarter from my pocket and laid it on the table in front of him. When the job was finished I put on my coat and was about to hurry off when Bilsing called after me: 'Say, you go off mitout leaving me somedings. It cost dwenty-five cent.'

"'I paid you once,' I retorted.

"'No, you did not,' he insisted, and then, rather than have a fuss with the man, I paid him over again, and took occasion at the same time to tell him plainly that I knew he was cheating me.

"Jack Darling and Nate Gray, two miners from Bluebell, happened in while Bilsing and I were in the thick of it, for the impudent fellow answered back, and I considered myself lucky to get out of the place without having to resort to my muscles to defend myself. As I walked back to our claim I vowed never to go to the shop again; you can imagine, then, how annoyed I was when I discovered that I had lost a locket from my watch chain.

"It contained a picture of my mother which I prized most highly. I had noticed that the ring by which it was attached to my chain was wearing perilously thin, and had determined to file it through, take the locket off, and put it away safely till I had an opportunity of having it fastened on by a jeweler. But I had delayed to do this, and now the thing was gone.

"Could I have lost it at Bilsing's shop? I asked myself. I remembered that I had been leaning against the work table, the edge of which would come just about where the locket had been. I resolved to return at once and make a search, deeply as I disliked the idea of interviewing the man again.

"I turned and retraced my steps, walking slowly, with my eyes on the ground. But I saw no sign of my locket on the way. Just before I reached Bilsing's place I looked at my watch to see how much time I had before supper, and saw that it was twenty minutes to 6.

"The irascible German was seated cross legged on his table, busily at work, when I entered.

"'Vell, vat you vant now?' he grunted out when he saw me.

"'I think I dropped a locket on the floor here,' I answered, and began to search among the litter under the table. 'You didn't see it, did you?' I added, when a three minutes' hunt proved barren of results.

"'Yur dink I steal him, eh?' he snarled, dropping his work and beginning to glare at me.

"'No; I didn't say so!' I returned. I might have added that I thought so, but he scarcely gave me any time to do any thinking, for all at once he burst out with a torrent of brutal invective.

"He sprang down from the table, and I thought he was going to strike me. I squared off and made ready to defend myself, and in that instant the door opened and a man entered the shop. He was quite a young fellow and had a pair of trousers over his arm, which he flung down on the counter, raging something in German, and then got out as quickly as possible. Bilsing's attention was momentarily diverted from me by this episode, and I seized the opportunity to take myself off, satisfied that I could get nothing out of the man in his present mood.

"'Perhaps I did not lose the locket there, after all,' I reflected, and spent twice the usual amount of time it took me to reach our camp by making a thorough inspection of the path. But I did not find the locket. I said nothing to the fellows about my afternoon's experience, but quietly made up my mind to make another visit to the tailoring establishment later on in the hope that I might find its owner in a more reasonable frame of mind.

"The next morning we had heard that Bilsing was dead, and before noon I was arrested on the charge of murdering him. He had been found in a heap on the floor of his shop by John Draper, who had stopped in to order a pair of trousers made at twenty minutes past 6. He had a bruise on the side of his head, and my locket was found on the floor by his side.

"An investigation was made by a committee of citizens—there was no law to speak of in Bluebell. Darling and Gray were very reluctantly obliged to testify that they had seen me quarreling with the German that very afternoon, and, to crown all, they had unearthed that fellow who had rushed in with a pair of trousers to be repaired, who turned out to be one Herman Olgreich, and who swore that he had seen me standing up before Bilsing in a threatening attitude at a quarter past 6.

"'But I had left the shop a good half hour before that,' I insisted, when I heard this. 'I remember that fellow coming in, and I am sure that it couldn't have been more than ten minutes to 6 at the very latest.'

"But even as I spoke I remembered with a shudder that I would find it difficult to prove my assertion, for on account of my search by the way for the locket I had taken, as I have said, twice the usual length of time to get back to our camp, so that the testimony of my mates there as to the time of my arrival would avail me nothing. Jack Dingman, my chum, did all that mortal man could do, and the rest of the fellows in our claim scoured Bluebell in search of witnesses who might be able to prove that I was not in Bilsing's shop at a quarter past 6. But it was no use. The only thing gained by it was the discovery of a trampish sort of fellow who said he had stepped in at the tailor's establishment about 6 o'clock to get a light for his pipe, and found Bilsing alone, and apparently all right.

"'Now, if you could only prove that that Olgreich fellow is wrong, and that you are right about the time of your being with Bilsing, we could get you clear in a jiffy,' Jack assured me.

"But that was the worst of it. I couldn't prove it, and of course, under the circumstances, Olgreich's word would be believed before mine. The case against me looked blacker and blacker. Money was found to be missing from Bilsing's place, and so to the mind of nearly all in town it was evident that I had choked the German to death in an ungovernable fit of passion, and disdained to flee after the deed had been committed, trusting to my good name to save me from even the suspicion of being implicated in the affair. The finding of my locket among the shreds of cloth on the floor had betrayed me.

"There was no jail in the place, of course, so I was detained in a well guarded room at the hotel. My friends were allowed to come in and see me at intervals, but, as you can imagine, these interviews were anything but cheerful ones. At last the day of the so called formal trial came, and all my worst fears were realized as the case progressed. All the little flaws I had picked in the array of evidence against me, and charged the boys to bring up when the time came, were 'snowed under' by the preponderating evidence on the other side. Suddenly Jack Dingman sprang to his feet, and I imagined he had thought of a new line of evidence. But he said nothing; only hurried out of the room, carrying my last shred of hope with him.

"'He can't bear to stay and hear me convicted,' I told myself.

"But I was wrong. In five minutes Jack was back again, out of breath, but with a look in his eyes that set my heart to throbbing quickly.

"'Will you please call Herman Olgreich back to the witness stand?' he said to the man who was acting the part of judge.

"Amid a good deal of wonderment about what might be coming, Jack turned to the German youth and asked:

"'How did you know that it was quarter past 6 when you saw the prisoner in Bilsing's shop? You have no watch, I believe.'

"'I looked at the clock,' was the reply.

"'What is Jack driving at?' I asked myself. 'Surely this has all been gone over before.'

"'Where were you standing when you looked at the clock?' went on Dingman.

"'In the doorway. It was just as I was going in,' replied Olgreich.

"Jack brought his hands together with a smack. 'That settles it, I guess,' he exclaimed. 'But there is just one more question I should like to ask. How could you tell the time if you got no farther than the doorway, because the clock at Bilsing's is over it?'

"'Why, sure enough,' answered the unsuspecting witness promptly. 'There is a looking glass behind Bilsing's table, and I saw the clock reflected there.'

"'Which turned the hands round and made it seem to you quarter past 6, when it was really quarter before 6!' and Jack rushed toward me with hand outstretched.

"It was as if a bombshell had been burst in that improvised court room. There was a complete revulsion of public sentiment in my favor, and it scarcely needed the testimony of the trampish individual who wanted a light for his pipe to clear me.

"Suspicion now being turned back upon itself, so to speak, a doctor was procured, and an autopsy held on the dead man, which established the fact that he had died of an apoplectic stroke.

"And now do you wonder, Grant, that I am a little sensitive to the ticking of a clock, even though, as I said, one did save my life?"

"It wasn't the clock, Frank, but the mirror, which did that," and Young shivered slightly as he sat up on the lounge and looked at his watch, to find that it was just midnight.—Vignettes, Real and Ideal.

HE LIT OUT.

A New Version of the Departure and Return of the Wayward Son.

I am reminded of a certain willful boy—we have all either known or been just such a one—an aggrieved, unappreciated boy, who grew to dislike his own home very much, and found his parents not at all up to the standard of his requirements as a son and disciplinarian. So he brooded sullenly over his disheartening surroundings and limitations; and of course knowing the outside world would afford him advantages never to be found at home, he lit out one morning before breakfast, and climbing over the back fence and bitterly shaking his fist at the woodpile, he "vanished himself away" down the turnpike. Yes; he had at last put into execution his long muttered threatenings. He had run away from home!

His parents, at the discovery of his flight, bore up first rate—especially the father. Possibly he had been a much abused boy himself some time, and divined that even then his wayward son was disporting himself in the delights of the swimming hole—where in reality he was, and where he stoically remained throughout the day—save at one famishing interval in which he sneaked far enough away to raid a neighboring orchard. The other boys went home at dinner time—but he, alas! he had no home!

At least he tried to think these very words, and with very biting irony, but his lip trembled frequently that long, long feverish afternoon, and there was getting to be a knotted, rigid sort of an aching spot in his throat that seemed to hurt worse when he didn't notice it than when he did. It was a very curious, self-assertive, opinionated sort of a pain. But he wrestled with it and swallowed at it until almost dark; then, with the last straggling crowd of his companions, he moved torpidly in toward home, or rather oozed that way, with a loathful, hesitating, reluctant, late-election-returns characteristic, somewhat heightened perhaps by the inward resolve of chopping an armful of wood as he went in by way of the kitchen. And he did this, but the hired girl, who was washing the supper dishes, made no comment of any kind.

He ranged through the pantry with apparent carelessness, but the cupboard was locked. He went out to the porch, where, at least, the pump met him kindly and shook hands with him, and he drank long and deep to their more enduring acquaintance. The back yard, in the settling gloom, was lonesome, but it looked good, and the lightning bugs, against the grapevines, blinked at him with a kind of sallow gladness over his return. His heart was softening. He walked thoughtfully to the rain barrel at the corner of the house and peered in at the few faint stars reflected there. Then, moved by some strange impulse, he washed his feet.

He then went into the house and on straight into the room where sat his parents by the evening lamp. The father was intently reading the paper, the mother intently sewing. Neither looked up at his entrance, even reproachfully, and neither spoke. The boy drew a long, quavering sigh, and sat down on the remote edge of a chair. All was still in the room for a long time—very still; but everything seemed so kind and restful and old fashioned and homely and kin to him! Only if somebody would say something—or come and box him, anyhow!—anything. Why, Lord bless 'em, wasn't he there, ready to gratefully accept anything from them? But that silence! If the clock would only strike and drown the whispering, sifting sound of the katydids outside in the dewy grass.

From afar off, down some alien street, he heard the faint halloo of the boys at their nightly game of "town fox" with no desire whatever to be a participant in their sport—no, never again in the world! He just wanted to stay in of nights—right there at home—always. He coughed—hoarsely, too—and shifted his position—but no vaguest parental notice or solicitude in response—no word—no look. Oh, it was very still. He couldn't just remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. And he felt that he himself must break it; so, summing every subtle artifice of seeming nonchalance to his aid, and gazing pensively at the cat curled in its wonted corner of the hearth, at last he spoke out airily and said, "I see you've got the same old cat."—Indianapolis Journal.

Changed Methods of Attack.

There is no question that the gun is master in the gun armor fight. Armor has been driven from the complete covering of the broadside to narrow belts and isolated gun stations, and now it seems that the water line belt is likely to go. This latter change is not due so much to increased gun power as to change in the composition of the batteries, the introduction of high explosives and improvements in ship construction tending to lessen the danger of sinking if pierced at the water line.

It is not proposed to change materially the total weight of armor carried, but the weight of water line belt armor is to be distributed among the gun stations, loading tubes, conning tower, engine hatches, protective deck, and in the form of light side armor three to six inches thick, to prevent shells containing high explosives—nitroglycerine, melinite and similar compounds—from penetrating and exploding between decks. So far as known at present comparatively thin armor is sufficient to cause all the violent explosives to burst before penetration.—New York Herald.

Frontier Cooking.

"What shall we eat, and what shall we drink and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" are pretty important questions, especially to army officers' wives upon the frontier. Mrs. Custer says that it was "a charming sight" when the men returned from a hunt. Eliza, the cook, ran to the door, and her frugal eye took in the game at once. She used to say: "For massy's sake, Miss Libbie, ain't I glad that the ginnel's got a deer! I've eat so much beef since I came to live with you that I 'spects to bellow and grow horns foh I get back to God's land."

Fair Warning.

Lady (who has determined to rid her pet dog of fleas)—Have you anything that will kill fleas?

Druggist's New Boy—Yes'm, but it'll make yer skin smart.—Good News.

MANKIND'S THIRD EYE.

It Is Near the Center of the Head and Is in Innocuous Desuetude.

"There is a kind of lizard found in Virginia and Maryland that has three eyes—one of them on the top of his head," said a man of science the other day to a representative of The Star. "It is generally supposed that they are very rare, but, on the contrary, they are quite common. You can find plenty of them if you take the trouble to look. They are green and about three inches long."

"Are there any other animals in the world that have three eyes?"

"Lots. For example, you yourself have a third eye, though it has become rudimentary through disuse."

"Where is it?"

"Just in the middle of your head, as nearly as its location can be described off hand. Anatomists know it as the 'pineal gland,' but it is actually an eye that has become rudimentary. Place the tip of your finger just above the bridge of your nose and on the level with your eyes. Directly behind that point about five inches, at the base of the brain, is this gland I speak of, which the ancients used to imagine was the center of consciousness and the seat of the soul. Its structure has lost all resemblance to that of an eye, but you can find it retaining more of its original development in some turtles and other reptiles. With them this gland has still, though in the middle of the head, an actual eye socket, an optic nerve connecting with the visual tract of the brain, and even the pigmentary inner coat, the object of which in all eyes is to absorb light. There is no retina, but it is an eye for all that. In the case of the lizard I mentioned this pineal eye actually appears at the top of the head and is useful for seeing with.

"There are quite a number of rudimentary organs in the human body which have become so because nature has no longer any use for them. For example, there is the 'thyroid gland' in the neck, the only usefulness of which seems to be in occasioning the disease known as goitre. People in Savoy and the Tyrol are worst afflicted with this complaint. It is supposed that the water they drink, derived from the melting of the glaciers of the Alps, causes the hypertrophy of the thyroid gland, the result of which is an enormous swelling, so that sometimes the unfortunate comes to have a baglike appendage dangling down as far as the waist. There is no known cure for the trouble after it has got well started, though the swelling may be a trifle reduced by injections into its substance. It is a very curious fact that if a human being or any other animal is deprived of this apparently useless gland by cutting it out, there always follows a general degeneration of all the tissues of the body.

"Another seemingly useless organ is the 'supra-renal capsule' attached to each of the kidneys. Its only purpose in a human being appears to be to occasion what is known as 'Addison's disease,' in cases where it gets out of order. In such cases, which are happily rare, the skin of the body loses its natural color and becomes of a muddy brown hue. This 'capsule' is presumably the remains of what was once a secretory organ.

"Then there is the mysterious 'vermiform appendix' attached to the small intestine. Once in a while an apple seed or some such thing gets into it, and causes inflammation. Until within the last four or five years such cases were always fatal, but now they are usually cured by cutting open the stomach and removing the appendix. Until very recently operations requiring the cutting open of the body in this way invariably resulted in death, for the reason that germs could not be prevented from getting into the wound and creating subsequent inflammation. But the bacteriologists have taught, through their researches, how such germs may be killed by spraying with antiseptic solutions. The vermiform appendix has considerable usefulness among the lower animals. With the cow and other beasts that chew the cud it is a large sac attached to the stomach, and is utilized as a storage reservoir for food that is not needed for immediate consumption."—Washington Star.

Stopping a Park Runaway.

A few days ago a young man who was riding in the park fell in the way of a heroic deed. This is the way it happened. As he was riding easily along there suddenly dashed out of an equestian path near him a young woman, whose horse was going at the top of his speed. Behind her came a policeman in mad pursuit. But her horse was faster than his and his efforts to catch her were unavailing. Here was a genuine case of runaway and no mistake. So the young man, who was mounted on an animal that he knew could catch any that a young woman was likely to ride, put his spurs to his horse's side and dashed after her. Her horse was a good one and the chase was hot; the policeman had long ago been distanced and was out of sight.

At last the young man reached her side. He threw his horse across her path and caught the bridle in his hand. Then, as he panted and waited for thanks, the young woman drew herself up and said coolly: "Don't give yourself the least uneasiness, sir; my horse was not running away with me. This is a put up job between the policeman and myself to let me ride faster here than the law allows." Which shows that some things are not to be understood at a glance, and that even park policemen are not always to be trusted when there is a young woman in the case.—New York Evening Sun.

Beardless Soldiers.

Modern warriors generally wear hair on their frontispieces. It is thought to give them a martial appearance. But Alexander's invincible soldiers were all bare faced. He compelled them to shave for a sufficient reason, viz., lest the "outside barbarians" of Asia should seize them by their beards, and so capture them. If the emperor of China had been equally wise he would have docked the long tails of his soldiery before he sent them out to fight French and English. Hundreds of the Celestials were caught by their queues when running away and dragged as prisoners into the camp of the allies.—New York Ledger.

Cardinal Newman had a quiet humor with which he baffled men who sought to engage him in argument which he thought would be unprofitable, or at inconvenient times. He once said to an English clergyman who called upon him, determined to force him to say what answer he could make to a certain theological argument: "It is no good our disputing; it is like a battle between a dog and a fish—we are in different elements."

A very expensive fad is having your portrait cut as an onyx cameo. The work is very slow, difficult and laborious. The image when done is permanent and will last for centuries. There are enough people in New York who enjoy this kind of extravagance to give constant employment to five cameo portrait carvers.

A Ghost That Robbed.

A ghost robbed a house in Soho square, London, in the year 1704 in a most approved or disapproved fashion, and the case is worth reporting. A gentleman who appeared to be quite wealthy took rooms in a fashionable house in the locality mentioned. A short time afterward he told his landlord that his brother was dead, and asked permission to bring the body to his rooms while the arrangements for interment were completed. Permission was granted, and a handsome coffin arrived, containing what appeared to be a corpse in a long white shroud. The coffin was placed in the dining room. Next night, after all had retired save the lodger and servant maid, an apparition appeared to the latter. The apparition was a tall, specter like figure, with every appearance of a ghost.

The maid rushed upstairs to her master and mistress' room, followed by the ghost, who mounted sentinel at the door, contorted his features and waved his hands. The maid crept under the bed and her employers hid their faces under the bed clothing. At this time a great noise like furniture moving was heard in the house, and the three terrified objects came to the conclusion that the house had been taken possession of by a regiment of spirits. At last all was quiet, the ghost had disappeared and a search was made. The house was found to have been stripped of every particle of furniture, and all the valuable family plate had gone too. No psychological society investigated the phenomenon, but the police did, and the lodger and the sham corpse were both hanged at Tyburn.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Prince Bismarck's Wooing.

Prince Bismarck began his wooing in a rather stern manner. As he always favored energetic measures, he wrote direct to the young lady's parents, with whom he was not acquainted, and demanded their daughter in marriage. They were simple folk, leading a very quiet life, and they were rather frightened at the reputation for high living which the candidate enjoyed. Their daughter, however, intimated in discreet terms that she did not look upon the young gentleman with an unfavorable eye, as there was no doubt the young man's parents had a good reputation.

Consequently the young lady's parents invited Bismarck to come and see them. Every one did his best to give the visitor a suitable reception. Fraulein von Puttkammer's parents put on an air of grave solemnity, and the young lady stood with her eyes modestly bent upon the ground, when Bismarck, on alighting, threw his arms around his sweetheart's neck and embraced her vigorously before any one had time to tell him that his conduct was hardly proper and correct. The result was, however, an immediate betrothal. Prince Bismarck is very fond of telling this tale, and he is careful always to finish the story by this reflection:

"And you have no idea what this little lady has made of me."—Philadelphia Record.

Roused from a Troubled Sleep.

One of the city hotels occasionally has a queer lodger. He was formerly an engineer, but is now a United States boiler inspector. While an engineer he was severely scalded on one side, and is unable to sleep comfortably when lying upon that part of his body. Whenever he happens to turn upon the tender place he makes a great disturbance in his sleep, but is difficult to arouse. The other evening was one of his nights, and he awoke half the guests in the house. The landlord was just upon the point of climbing through the transom to awake him when the man fell out of bed. When he understood the state of the case he explained that all that was necessary to bring him out right at such a time was to yell, "Turn over, John," he having become so familiar with such a command in his sleep that he invariably obeyed it unconsciously. The plan has since been tried and found to work admirably. The boarders hope the clerk will never lose the combination.—Springfield Republican.

Anæsthetics for the Death Penalty.

It would seem morally to be a debatable question whether it should be considered advisable that the soul of the condemned criminal should receive its impetus into eternity when absolutely stupefied by ether. Those who know death to be approaching prefer, as a rule, to meet it wittingly with a clear brain, even though racked by physical pain of an excruciating nature. One of the greatest empresses who ever lived refused to go to sleep when she knew her death was near, because when she died she wished to meet death with open eyes and an unclouded sense. If the suggestion for the use of anæsthetics in capital punishment should be pressed with force it is probable that the great resistance to that change would be based on the ground that it stupefied the criminal before it killed him.—Boston Advertiser.

Saved from Death by Music.

A London merchant rejoices because he tried music as a medicine. His boy, 6 years old, was dying with typhoid and was quite insensible, with no appearance of being able to live through the night. Knowing his son's fondness for music, the father procured a large music box and caused it to play, with the result that the child's attention was aroused and his life saved by the reaction.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Henry VIII cropped his beard close, but his daughter Elizabeth was fond of hairy faces. The style of beard we see in the portraits of Shakespeare was her "particular weakness." Essex, Leicester and Raleigh all courted the "maiden queen" with peaked "goatees" attached to their chins.

As a lighthouse illuminant gas has been found to possess the following advantages over oil: Its facility for increasing the power on the sudden occurrence of a fog, absence of the necessity of trimming, and power to make instantaneous transitions from light to darkness, and the converse.

There isn't a library, a reading room, a museum, an art gallery or anything of that character open in Washington after dark. Such a dearth of places for improving recreation is not found in any city of 50,000 people as Washington with its 200,000 population presents.

DANCING MARIONETTES.

Pleasant Diversions for Long Evenings in the Family Circle.

Marionettes, says a sanguine inventor, must have an inherent life of their own. The clown, the columbine and all the figures representing animals will now caper about on their own hook.

Worn out visiting cards, matchsticks, these are the very simple materials with which people who are fond of a little nonsense now and then can fashion all the figures represented by these designs, which can at any time be set in motion like mechanical toys.

Take, for instance, a clown. First draw and paint the figure on the back of a card—the body and head first, then the two legs and arms; carefully cut out these five pieces, place the body on a table, and above it the legs and arms in a position of rest.

Now these limbs must be joined, and this is how it is to be done. Take, for instance, an arm, mark with a pencil at the shoulder end of the arm the exact spot forming the axis of rotation; pierce a hole with a pin at this point and put it through the shoulder in the body. Bend a matchstick at the center as much as possible without breaking and drop a little melted sealing wax, joining the two ligaments to the arm and body respectively, making the part forming the joint in contact with the pin. Do the same for the other limbs, remove the four pins and the figure is complete. Now we have to give it life.

All that has to be done for this is to place the side of the figure on which are the matches in a plate containing a thin layer, so to say, of water. The bent fibers of wood which have not been broken will swell by means of the moisture absorbed and will try to regain their rectilineal position. The figure will then make a series of abrupt movements which are very amusing. The legs and arms will move apart as those do which are moved by a string. Be careful to use only large, common matchsticks. The Swedish ones are impregnated with paraffine and would not move as required.

Each one can perfect the mode of fashioning these figures as he likes best. A ballet girl who can lift her foot to her forehead, and a rooster that can move its legs about, are pretty easy to make. A horse with twelve different joints is a bit too difficult for an amateur. For the horse each leg is composed of three different portions.

Instead of placing the figure on a plate we can put a drop of water on each joint with the finger or with a paint brush and the effect will be the same.—New York Herald.

Queer Facts About Beavers.

James Sherman, of Clifton, was telling recently some queer things about beaver and beaver trapping. The animal, he says, has the most acute sense of smell of any animal that exists. In setting the traps you must wait till low water, in order to have the tide when it comes in obliterate all traces of your presence. When a beaver is caught in a trap the other beavers at once enable him to make good his escape by seizing him by the tail and hauling him away until they release him, often leaving the limb in the trap as an evidence of the struggle that ensued. He caught a beaver once on Puget Island, and says that it had only two toes on a hind foot, the other three legs being amputated as close to the body as if the limbs had never existed.

Mr. Sherman says there is one faculty the beaver possesses that would be a profitable and interesting study for scientific men, and that is the power of making objects adhere to the bottom of a stream without any apparent means of securing them. The beaver lives mostly on wood, which it cuts and deposits on the bottom, where it remains, contrary to the natural laws, which would in ordinary cases cause the wood to rise to the surface. How this is accomplished it is difficult to decide, but it is nevertheless a fact, as Mr. Sherman assures us that he tried it time and time again. Beaver trapping pays well where any considerable number can be caught, the average price of the furs being from $3.50 to $5 per pound.—Cathlamet Gazette.

Saved Herself.

"I'll be a sist— hold on" she cried,
As he took aim to have her life;
"Put up your pistol; don't be mad,
I simply was about to add,
"I'll be a syst-ematic wife."
—Philadelphia Press.

INDIAN MEDICINE MEN.

THEIR PHYSIC IS MAGIC AND THEIR SYSTEM CONJURING.

How the Indian Priests Look and Dress When They Are Making Medicine—Customs Recalling Some Old Bible Stories. How They Got Their Name.

The fact that Sitting Bull was what is called a "medicine man" has been stated in all the notices of his death, but it is a question whether one in seven of eastern people know precisely what a medicine man is. To one who does know, nothing is more amusing than to read the accounts of early travelers in the Indian country when they come to treat of the making of medicine and the other doings of medicine men. Even Capt. Butler, F. R. G. S., and Lewis and Clarke were very shaky when they came to this subject.

Every tribe had, and still has, many medicine men, some of whom are chiefs, all of whom are very important personages. Nearly all that the writer ever saw have been old men or men past the middle age, but that is a mere accident, for a man may be made a medicine man while he is young. No one can visit any Indians at any festival time or time of general excitement from any cause without seeing the medicine man figuring very conspicuously in whatever is going on.

Sometimes they are merely beating drums, or perhaps they are only crooning, while a dance or feast is in progress. At other times they appear in the most grotesque costumes, painted all over, hung with feathers and nails and claws, and carrying some wand or staff, gorgeous with color and smothered with Indian finery.

HOW THE TERM WAS APPLIED.

The term "medicine" is a white man's expression which the Indians have adopted. It was applied to the priests of the tribes—for that is what they really are—because the first white men often found them making their incantations at the side of the sick, the wounded or the dying. In reality they were exorcising the evil spirits of disease or death, but the white travelers, seeing them in the presence of the sick, put two and two together and called them medicine men. The term is two centuries old, and the Indians have so fully adopted it that when one of these officials is at his offices they say he is "making medicine."

The medicine man is a conjurer, a magician, a dealer in magic, and an intermediary between the men of this world and the spirits of the other. He may know something of the rude pharmacopœia of his fellows, and may prescribe certain leaves or roots to allay fever, to arrest a cold, or to heal a wound. That is not his business, however, and such prescriptions are more apt to be offered by the squaws or by any member of the patient's family.

The medicine man's work comes in when medicine fails, and it is pursued until death is seen to be certain, when—among most of the tribes—the sick or wounded man is abandoned to meet his fate. Far from thinking the only good Indian is a dead one, the Indians themselves have little regard for one who is half dead or seems certain to die.

A WEIRD SIGHT.

No more weird sight is to be seen on the face of this continent than a view of such a group of medicine men at work to save a life. Seen at night the effect is awesome. They sit in a circle, broken only by the body of the invalid stretched on a blanket, at the head of the tent opposite the door or tent opening. The wavering light is from a candle stuck ingeniously in a loop of birch bark, fastened tight in a slit in the end of a stick that has been thrust in the earth. The medicine men are painted in their own colors, green and yellow predominating. They are in full regalia, but their hair falls over their hideous faces as they bend forward to swing to and fro or to beat their drums.

All are singing. Often they sing only the tunes of ancient songs, the words being forgotten or having grown tiresome. Now and then one leaps to his feet, waving his befeathered rattle and yelling louder than the others. He sings the words that occur to him as suiting the case. He has on no clothing but moccasins and a breech clout, or "gee string," as they call that garment on the plains.

His thin, bony, bare red legs have the effect of their nakedness increased by the jumping, dangling tail of feathers that flutters down from his head and mixes its colors with the paint stripes on his flesh. His dancing is rather more like pounding something beneath him than like what we call dancing. He lifts his feet by bending his knees; lifts them and thumps them down monotonously, though he turns his body first to one side and then to the other. When the dancer tired and fell back in his place in the circle, the spirit moved another to take his place.

QUEER RESEMBLANCES.

The queer resemblances between the Indians and those Hebrew bands of whose history the Old Testament is a record have often been pointed out, but the writer has never seen attention called to the similarity of certain of the Hebrew incidents to the common practices of Indian medicine men. In their early history the Hebrew leaders were continually holding converse with the Almighty. They went apart from their followers up in mountains or in secret places and talked with Jehovah. That is precisely what the medicine men do today, or pretend to do. Every man who knows the Indians knows that during all the Messiah craze the medicine men of the various tribes with great formality prepared to talk with Gitche-Manitou or whatever they happen to call the Good Spirit.

In some tribes they built little wick-i-ups of saplings and leaves, and went into them and held conversations that were audible, though not intelligible to the red men listening outside. The savages heard the medicine man's voice and then heard the voice of some other person replying to him in a jargon they could not unravel. In other tribes the medicine men merely reported having held such conversations precisely as the Israelitish leaders did. It is not for us to say that the grounds for such reports of the words of the Almighty were as slight in one case as the other, but it is true that the Indians have believed that their priests have really believed such conversations took place.

Those who followed Sitting Bull's history know that his tribe was long divided as to his power. One contingent held that his "medicine" was no good, by which they meant that if he ever had genuine power to converse with spirits that power left him. This often happens. Medicine men have their day and their decline, and he is a very sagacious Indian who can keep up faith in his ministrations for many years at a time or until he dies.—New York Sun.

Her Superior Knowledge

Maud—Have you heard the new opera by Sullivan?

Mildred—You dear little stupid! Don't you know that Sullivan is an actor, not a writer of operas?—Pittsburg Bulletin.

That's So.

"If corn is king," said the chiropodist, "I must be a regicide."—St. Joseph News.

My Summer Girl.

I strove to have her change her name
As by the sea we played at tennis;
But winter finds it still the same;
But mine is changed—my name is "Dennis."
—Chicago Post.

PILOTED BY A GHOST.

A LOST MAN AND A STARVING BABY SAVED BY A SPIRIT.

The Shadow of a Dead Father Leads a Wandering Horseman to the Desolate Home Where a Little Girl Was Slowly Famishing—A True Story.

I checked my horse, and after one long, straining look around owned to myself that I was lost. I had suspected the fact some time since, but had stubbornly fought down the suspicion, though my horse evidently realized. With patient endurance he plodded along, resignation plainly expressed in the droop of his tail and ears. In place of the ranch, the hearty welcome, pleasant words, bed, supper and fire I had expected to reach by sunset, there was nothing to be seen before, behind, on either hand, but the dead level of the plain. There were paths in plenty; in fact, the trouble was there were too many—all narrow and winding, for whose meandering there seemed not the slightest excuse, except the general tendency to crookedness most things, animate and inanimate, alike possess. But it would have taken the instinct of a bloodhound or a trailing Indian to have said which paths had been made by horses' feet or those of cattle.

Now that the sun was gone, I found my knowledge of the point of the compass gone with it. As I sat perplexed and worried the gloom of twilight gathered fast, and the chill of coming rain smote me through and through, while in the distance there was the roll of thunder.

A SPIRIT APPEARS.

It was now quite dark, and very dark at that, though at short intervals close to the horizon a faint gleam of lightning showed, too distant to cast brightness on my path and only sufficient to intensify the blackness about me.

All at once I saw a man walking about fifteen feet in front of me. Yes, I know I said it was intensely dark, but all the same I repeat it. I saw a man walking in front of me, and, furthermore, I could see that he was a large man, dressed in rough but well fitting clothes; that he wore a heavy red beard, and that he looked back at me from time to time with an expression of keen anxiety on his otherwise relaxed features.

"Hallo!" I cried, but as he did not halt I concluded he did not hear me. As a second hail produced no result I spurred my weary horse up to overtake the stranger. But, though the gray responded with an alacrity most commendable under the circumstances, I soon found that this strange pedestrian did not intend to let me catch up with him. Not that he hurried himself. He seemed without any exertion to keep a good fifteen feet between us.

Then I began to wonder how, with the intense darkness shutting me in as four black walls, I was yet able to see my strange companion so clearly, to take in the details of his dress, and even the expression of his face, and that at a distance more than twice my horse's length, when I could hardly see his head before me. I am not given to superstitious fancies, and my only feeling was of curiosity.

FOLLOWING A GHOST.

We went on in silence for nearly half an hour, when, as suddenly as he had appeared, he was gone. I looked around for him, half afraid, from his instant and complete disappearance, that I had been dreaming, when I perceived that I was close to a small, low building of some sort. I reined in and shouted several times, but not the slightest response could I hear, and at last I rode boldly up and tapped on the wall with the butt of my riding whip. Then, as this elicited no sign of life, I concluded that I had stumbled on some deserted house or that it was the abode of my eccentric friend; so, dismounting and tying the gray, I resolved to spend the rest of the night under a roof or to find some good reason for continuing my journey.

I felt my way along the wall till I reached a door, and trying this and finding that it yielded to me, I stepped inside, striking a match as I did so. Fortunately, I carried my matches in an air tight case, and as it was dry the one I struck gave me a light at once. I found myself in a large room close to a fireplace, over which a rude shelf was placed, and on this mantel I saw an oil lamp to which I applied my match.

On the hearth was heaped a quantity of ashes, and over these crouched a child, a little girl of 5 or 6. At the end of the room, which was plainly and scantily furnished, lay a man across a bed, and as I raised the lamp I saw that he was the same I had been following, but there was something in his attitude and face that struck me as peculiar, and I was about to go forward and look at him when the child, who had at first seemed dazed at the light, fairly threw herself upon me.

"Have you anything for Nelly to eat?" she said, and then, "Oh, Nelly so hungry!"

THE DEAD MAN.

I ran my hand into my pocket and drew forth what had been a paper bag of chocolate candy, but was now a pulpy, unappetizing mass. I must confess to a childish fondness for sweets, which I usually carry in some form about me. I handed the remains of my day's supply to the child, and then walked over to the bed. Yes, it was the same man, red beard, rough clothes, but setting off the magnificent frame to perfection; the same man, but dead, long dead.

I took his hand only to find it stiff and cold, while his face had the dull gray aspect never seen in the newly dead. As I stood gazing down on him a little hand touched mine.

"Nelly so hungry!" said the child.

"Have you eaten all the candy?" I asked her.

"Yes, yes! But me hungry, for me had no dinner, no brekkus, no supper, and papa won't get up."

The house, which consisted of the large room, a smaller kitchen and a shed, where I found a quantity of hay and fodder, seemed quite bare of food, but by dint of searching in the hay I discovered a nest, which Nelly informed me was there, and in it two fresh eggs. These I boiled for her. When she had finished I soothed her to sleep on a bed I made for her before the fire. Then after I had put my horse in the shed room and fed him I performed as well as I could a service for the dead.

When day dawned I was able to discern at some distance from the house a line of telegraph poles, and taking the child with me I followed these to the nearest town, where I notified the authorities of the death.

The dead man's name was Frederick Barnstaple. He was an Englishman, so I found, a recent arrival in those parts. His daughter was restored to her family across the water, and is now a pretty girl of 17. I have never told this story before, but I am ready to take an affidavit to its truth. It all happened about thirty miles from Dallas.—Philadelphia Times.

The Deserter and His Pipe.

A Commonwealth avenue physician had been dining with a few professional cronies, and as the cigars were lighted the talk drifted to the tobacco habit, first, in its effect upon the race at large, and then to its peculiar effects upon various individuals. I know a man, said the elder physician—in fact, he is now in my employ—who is a victim of the strangest whims in regard to the use of the weed that ever came under my observation. He is a Scotchman, about 60 years old. Twelve years ago he deserted from the English navy and came to this country, when I gave him a position as coachman. One morning I went into the stable, and noticed that a hole about two feet square had been cut in a partition between two stalls, and a little shelf had been nailed up underneath it. I wondered what on earth it had been done for, but Donald was away at the time and when he came back it had slipped my mind.

It was a week afterward before I had occasion to go into the stable again, and when I did I found Donald standing on a stool, leaning his elbow on the shelf, with a long clay pipe in his mouth, smoking away like a good one and blowing the smoke through the little window he had cut. Upon my questioning him he told me that of the twenty years he had passed in her majesty's service ten of it had been on board a powder ship where the rules against smoking were very strict. During all this time he had been accustomed four times a day to stand upon a chest and lean out of a porthole to smoke, so that no one would smell it, and when at last he took French leave he found that he could not get any satisfaction out of a pipe unless indulged in the old posture, and so you can find him after each meal and for half an hour before going to bed, standing on that stool blowing his smoke through the little window.—Boston Herald.

A Boy's Great Desire.

There is a little boy up town who was 8 years old a few days ago. He has so many things more than any little 8-year-old needs or wants that his indulgent mamma finally said to him in perplexity: "Harold, I really don't know what to get you for your birthday, and I think I shall let you choose this time what it shall be. Now you may say just what you would like most to do or have, and you shall have it."

"Just what I want to do?" queried Harold.

"Yes, for this one day."

"Then I don't want to have anything, mamma; but I do want to do just one thing awfully, if you'll let me. I want to put on some ragged clothes and go all alone out in the streets and lick a Mick. I know I can."

And he did.—New York Evening Sun.

Obesity.

Obesity is often a diseased state of the body, the cure for which lies in a return to healthful conditions of life. The only way to effect this is to live in a hygienic manner, to get as much fresh air as possible, and never to remain in a room with closed windows if it can be avoided. Take a daily bath, practice physical exercises, and dress in a way to promote health. If these rules be followed, coupled with the use of simple and pure diet, not only will obesity be cured, but much lurking disease eliminated. The man who discontinues to eat meat and other strongly stimulating foods finds himself possessed of steadier nerves and a more genial temperament, together with improved mental and physical powers.—Jenness-Miller Magazine.

Chewing Gum.

The chewing gum business began on a small scale some thirty years ago. It was then manufactured and used principally in New England. This article was made from the gum of the spruce tree. Another kind of gum was and is made from paraffine. There was a prejudice at first against manufactured chewing gum, and years ago children were told that the stuff was made of "niggers' heels."

The raw material of chewing gum made today comes from the Mexican chiclezapote tree. That is the stuff "tutti frutti" is made of. The story runs that a Yankee by the name of Adams imported the Mexican gum to have it take the place of gutta-percha or soft rubber, but the experiment failed. Accidentally he broke off a bit of the stuff and chewed it. That gave to him the notion of manufacturing the substance into chewing gum. The business is now housed in a six story building and gives employment to over 250 people.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Way to Pack Apples.

Passing through Washington market I noticed a man in one of the big commission stores packing apples in a barrel. What struck me as being decidedly peculiar about this ordinarily commonplace operation was the fact that he picked out the biggest apples and put them in the bottom of the barrel. "Why do you put the big ones in the bottom?" I inquired with no little curiosity. He gave me a knowing wink as he replied: "Oh, they open the barrels at the bottom nowadays." No further explanation was necessary.—New York World.

An Ex-Mayor of New York.

A. Oakey Hall, who used to be mayor of New York in the old Tweed days, can be seen along the Strand almost every day, still looking well and hearty. He has a quiet home and seems to be very well contented with life, declaring that a man can buy a great deal in England for what he earns, and does not seem to want as much as in the United States.—London Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

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JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1891.

SECRETARY NOBLE OPPOSES THE TRANSFER OF THE INDIANS TO MILITARY AGENTS.

Secretary Noble was questioned the other day as to what action had been taken on the recommendation of General Miles that Indian Agents McLaughlin and Royer, of the South Dakota agencies, be relieved from further duty and that their places be filled by military officers. The Secretary said that the subject had not been mentioned to him by any one with authority in the matter. It is believed, however, that should General Miles' recommendation be submitted to him by the President for his views, the Secretary would strongly oppose the transfer. The agents sought to be relieved are regarded as competent officials, and any attempt to substitute a military for a civil supervision of the Sioux would undoubtedly be met with vigorous opposition by the Interior Department officials. The Secretary spoke with some earnestness of the reports that have been in circulation recently that the Indians were in a starving condition and that the pending trouble grew out of the fact that the Government had not kept its agreement with the Sioux, but, on the contrary, had already begun to cut down the rations supplied to them in violation of all treaty obligations.

The Secretary denounced these statements as unqualifiedly false. The story of starvation among the Sioux was a pure fabrication. For ten long years the government, in fulfillment of its treaty obligations, had been feeding the Sioux in idleness. Some of them, however, were thrifty farmers and good citizens, but a large proportion were a thriftless and indolent set, perfectly willing to spend their time in idleness and in finding fault with the Government on every conceivable pretext. The treaty of 1877, the Secretary said, obligated the Government to furnish them with a certain amount of food, clothing, implements, horses, cattle, etc., etc., until they should become self-supporting. After ten years had elapsed, during which time the Government had spent millions of dollars with a view to placing the Indians on a self-supporting basis, members of Congress, very properly, began to inquire whether it was the purpose of the Government to continue indefinitely and forever this policy of feeding Indians who persisted in living in idleness.

They thought it was about time to test their ability to support themselves, and so the appropriation was reduced by $100,000, not a very large amount when compared with the vast sum which the usual appropriation called for. Thereupon the Indian immediately began to complain, but made no effort toward feeding himself. He occupied a vast territory containing thousands of acres of productive land. He was supplied with everything necessary to improve it and raise good crops, but he preferred to do nothing and let the Government continue to put his food in his mouth. It was time, the Secretary thought, that these people should be compelled to do something, and he had lost patience with those who upheld the Indians in their idleness. He sincerely regretted that the recent action of the military had resulted in bloodshed, and he congratulated himself that his department was in no sense responsible for it.

THE Doylestown Democrat, which cannot be accused of being a partisan of Senator Cameron, says, "that the Republican party might go farther and fare worse than re-elect Mr. Cameron to the Senate. He is able and honest, and has never been mixed up with the scandals that too often overtake men in public life." This manly utterance from a political opponent puts to shame the mean personal attacks upon Mr. Cameron which the goody-goody journal, published at Doylestown, has recently seen fit to indulge in.

GOOD for America. She is not only furnishing Europe with all its electric machines and lighting Paris by electricity, but has recently sold $300,000 worth of dynamos and lamps with which to light up the stations of the Midland Railway of England.

DON CAMERON was yesterday unanimously renominated by the Republicans in the Legislature for the Senate. The Philadelphia Press's double leaders kept up from day to day didn't weaken his strength a single vote.

THIS, in the Democratic calendar, is St. Jackson's Day.

A PRISONER IN A TOMB.

HE TRIED TO STEAL THE JEWELS FROM A DEAD DUCHESS.

He Thought That All the Ornaments That Adorned the Corpse as It Lay in State Were Buried with the Body—He Broke Into the Tomb and Fell Into a Trap.

Only a few weeks after her return from Brussels, where she had seen her son, recently crowned king of the Belgians, did the Duchess Augusta of Sachsen-Coburg die, in her seventy-sixth year, Nov. 16, 1831. The admiration and love this admirable princess had inspired drew crowds to visit the body, as it lay in state in the residence at Coburg, prior to the funeral, which took place on the 19th, before daybreak, by the light of torches. The funeral was attended by men and women of all classes, eager to express their attachment to the deceased and respect for the family.

A great deal was said and fabled concerning this funeral. It was told and believed that the dowager duchess had been laid in the family vault adorned with her diamond rings and richest necklaces. She was the mother of kings, and the vulgar believed that every royal and princely house with which she was allied had contributed some jewel toward the decoration of her body.

Among those who were present at the funeral of the Duchess Augusta was a Bavarian named Andreas Stubenrauch, an artisan then at Coburg. He was the son of an armorer, followed his father's profession, and had settled at Coburg. Stubenrauch had been one of the crowd that had passed by the bed on which the duchess lay in state, and had cast covetous eyes at the jewelry with which the body was adorned.

He had also attended the funeral, and had come to the conclusion that the duchess was buried with all the precious articles he had noticed about her as exposed to view before the burial, and with a great deal more, which popular gossip asserted to have been laid in the coffin with her. The thought of all this waste of wealth clung to his mind, and Stubenrauch resolved to enter the mausoleum and rob the body.

BREAKING INTO A TOMB.

The position of the vault, far removed and concealed from the palace, suited his plans, and he made little account of locks and bars, which were likely to prove small hinderances to an accomplished locksmith.

To carry his plan into execution he resolved on choosing the night of Aug. 18-19, 1832. On this evening he sat drinking in a low tavern till 10 o'clock, when he left, returned to his lodgings, where he collected the tools he believed he would require, a candle and flint and steel, and then betook himself to the mausoleum. The tomb was closed by an iron gate formed of strong bars eight feet high, radiating from a center in a sort of semicircle and armed with sharp spikes.

He found it impossible to open the lock, and he was therefore obliged to climb over the gate, regardless of the danger of tearing himself on the barbs. Here he found a double stout oaken door in the floor that gave access to the vault. The two valves were so closely dovetailed into one another and fitted so exactly that he found the utmost difficulty in getting a tool between them. He tried his false keys in vain on the lock, and for a long time his efforts to prise the lock open with a lever were equally futile. At length by means of a wedge he succeeded in breaking a way through the junction of the doors into which he could insert a bar, and then he heaved at one valve with all his might, throwing his weight on the lever.

It took him fully an hour before he could break open the door. Midnight struck as the valve, grating on its hinges, was thrown back. Then, leaning over the opening, holding a pole in both hands, he endeavored to feel the depth of the vault. In so doing he lost his balance and the weight of the pole dragged him down, and he fell between two coffins some twelve feet below the floor of the upper chamber. There he lay for some little while unconscious, stunned by his fall. When he came to himself he sat up, felt about with his hands to ascertain where he was, and considered what next should be done.

IN A TRAP.

Stubenrauch was not the man to feel either respect for the dead or fear of aught supernatural. With both hands he sustained the heavy lid of the coffin as he peered in, and the necessity for using both to support the weight prevented his profane hand from being laid on the remains of an august and pious princess. Stubenrauch did indeed try more than once to sustain the lid with one hand that he might grope with the other for the treasures he fancied must be concealed there, but the moment he removed one hand the lid crashed down.

Disappointed in his expectations, Stubenrauch now replaced the cover and began to consider how he might escape. But now, and now only, did he discover that it was not possible for him to get out of the vault into which he had fallen. The pole on which he had placed his confidence was too short to reach the opening above. Every effort made by Stubenrauch to scramble out failed. He was caught in a trap—and what a trap! Nemesis had fallen on the ruffian at once on the scene of his crime and condemned him to betray himself.

Morning broke. It was Sunday, and a special festival at Coburg, for it was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of the duke, so that the town was in lively commotion, and park and palace were also in a stir. Stubenrauch sat up and waited in hopes of hearing some one draw near who could release him. About 9 o'clock in the morning he heard steps on the gravel and at once began to shout for assistance.

The person who had approached ran away in alarm, declaring that strange and unearthly noises issued from the ducal mausoleum. The guard was apprised, but would not at first believe the report. At length one of the sentinels was dispatched to the spot, and he returned speedily with the tidings that there certainly was a man in the vault. He had peered through the grating at the entrance, and had seen the door broken open and a crowbar and other articles lying about. The gate was now opened, and Stubenrauch removed in the midst of an assembled crowd of angry and dismayed spectators. He was removed to prison, tried and condemned to eighteen months with hard labor.—Daring-Gould's Historic Oddities.

Banker Morgan's Cigars.

J. Pierpont Morgan smokes a very strong cigar, the Carolina, for which he pays fifteen cents each. Mr. Morgan smokes continually in his office, and always has a box near at hand which he offers to visitors. When Mr. Morgan does not feel like lighting a cigar he places it between his teeth and enjoys what is known as a dry smoke. He probably spoils half a dozen cigars daily in this way.—New York World.

A PERUVIAN RAILWAY.

Expensive to Run and Repair Because of High Hills and Many Freshets.

The Oroya road is a very remarkable piece of engineering work, executed, perhaps, not wisely but too well. The difficulties surmounted are enormous. The constructor, an American, Henry Meiggs, used to say, I was told, at certain arduous points, "The line has to go there, and if we can't find a road for it we'll hang the track from balloons." This remark illustrates the boldness and almost recklessness with which the line has been built, and even now, fine as the work is, it is in constant danger of destruction in many parts. Every year sections of the line, bridges and viaducts are swept away by floods and landslips which cannot be foreseen.

A waterspout bursts on a mountain peak, an immense volume of water, mud and bowlders dashes down, and half an hour later all is calm again; but the railway track has disappeared, or one of the bridges will be found twisted into a knot half a mile away from its proper place. For this reason the line must always be very expensive and difficult to keep in repair. The working of it is also very expensive on account of the high price of coal and the quantity wasted by the continuous firing required to force the train up the steep gradients.

As it is, the locomotives have 22 inch cylinders, and the steam pressure all the way has to be kept at 140 pounds to the square inch. The maximum train is five cars, weighing eight tons each and carrying ten tons of cargo; and in order to drag this weight from Lima to Chicla the locomotive burns seven tons of first class English coal. The maximum gradients are 4 per cent. and the maximum curves 120 meters radius. This radius is found in all the tunnels, of which there are forty between Lima and Chicla, the longest measuring 206 meters. The number of bridges is sixteen, the longest being the Verrugas viaduct. The total distance from Callao to Chicla, where the rails end, is 86½ miles.

The Oroya line, on which the Peruvian loan in 1870 of £5,530,000 sterling was expended, was not finished for want of funds, and the portion of it that was completed has never paid. The original idea was to carry the line to La Oroya, in the transandine province of Junin, and the survey and much of the earthwork and tunnels were executed before the money gave out in 1873. The summit tunnel through the Paso de Galera, between 1,100 and 1,200 meters long, is open, and from the plains it appears to be an interesting piece of work, being on a vertical curve, with 3½ per cent. gradients on the Pacific slope of the Cordillera, and just enough for drainage on the Atlantic slope, where the line runs for 6½ kilometers with gradients of from 2 to 4 per cent., and then for the rest of the distance to La Oroya, 43 kilometers over easy ground.

The summit tunnel of the Paso de Galera is the fifty-eighth from Lima; it is distant from Callao by the rails 104 miles, and stands at a height of 4,814 meters, or 15,700 feet above the level of the sea, thus making the Oroya the highest of all the projected transandine railways.—Theodore Child in Harper's.

English Conservatism.

The careful and conservative spirit which characterizes so much of the work done in England is shown in connection with the recent splendid piece of work, the City and South London railway. While many of the details of the line are carried out with the perfection of modern electrical skill, there are some points in connection with it which are so much behind modern progress as to appear in a measure inconsistent with the enterprise which characterizes the rest of the work. It appears that the elevators leading to the underground stations are operated by hydraulic power. There is a good deal of dissatisfaction that electricity has not been used for this purpose. Nothing could be better adapted for working lifts than motors, and the saving in expense would have been considerable.

Unless the elevators are balanced there is a plunger volume of high pressure water wasted every time each hoist is used, whereas if the motors were employed the generator would need supply little more than the power wasted in general friction. Another fact which has been freely criticised is the use of an air brake where electric power is available. It has been urged that the block system arrangements, and the cut off of the supply from a moving train in case of necessity, are objections to its use.

If these are obstacles they can be easily overcome, and the special leads which supply the carriage lamps could supply the motive power for the brakes. It is argued that this combination in the same plant of hydraulic distribution, compressed air and electric traction is a somewhat anomalous one.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Quickly Popular.

In the book entitled "Famous English Authors of the Nineteenth Century," Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton gives some facts in regard to the instant popularity of the poem "Marmion," by Sir Walter Scott.

In less than a month after "Marmion" was published the first edition of 2,000 copies was sold. It went rapidly through many editions. The people read and reread it. The following story told by Hutton is not at all improbable;

Two strangers met on a dark night in London. Both were repeating the last lines of the account of Flodden Field. One man exclaimed "Charge, Chester, charge!" when suddenly a reply came out of the darkness "On, Stanley, on!" whereupon they finished the death of Marmion between them, took off their hats to each other, and parted, laughing.

Venus and Mercury.

The planet nearest the sun is Mercury, which is on the average about 35,400,000 miles away from that orb. Venus is nearer to the earth than any other planet. When both these bodies are on the same side of the sun, and when Venus is nearly on the same line with the sun when viewed from the earth, it is only 26,000,000 or 27,000,000 miles away from us. The fixed star nearest to the earth, so far as known, is the Centauri, which is about 20,000,000,000,000 miles off.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Bread Consumption.

The weekly consumption of bread per inhabitant in the United States is only five and one-half pounds, or about three pounds less than the general average for all countries of Europe. At the rate of only five and one half pounds of bread weekly per inhabitant in the United States the annual consumption represents the enormous amount of 17,160,000,000 pounds.—American Market and Critical Buyer.

The southern author Cable is a man of slender physique and medium stature. His beard and eyes are dark, and his high forehead is surmounted with a head of jet black hair. He has a soft, almost feminine voice, and is 45 years old.

He Would Travel.

Once in a while one sees in some New England village people who have scarcely set foot outside the narrow limits of their own township in the course of their lives. These people, even in their most wide awake and vigorous years, have a way of measuring the outside world by their own simple standards which is quite refreshing.

"What should you do if you had money, William?" inquired one of the group gathered around the big fireplace in the little inn or tavern at Hilltown of the tavern keeper, who was counted a man of wide experience and wisdom by his friends.

"The first thing I should do," said William judicially, "is what I would advise any one to do; fix up my home a bit, make a few improvements in the old place, and then," impressively, "then I should travel.

"Yes," he added, with an air as of one already started on his journeyings, "I should certainly travel. I should go to Keene, which, as some of you know, is upward of thirty miles from here!"

Here a silence, born of the mere suggestion of such a mighty undertaking, fell on the group around the fire.—Youth's Companion.

Comparitive Cost of Aluminum.

It must be remembered that at $1 a pound aluminum is really not so high as it looks, for the relation of a pound of aluminum to a pound of other metals is something like that of the famous pound of feathers to the pound of lead. Aluminum is almost three times as bulky as iron, weight for weight; it is more than four times as bulky as silver, and more than seven times as bulky as gold. Thus, if silver were $1 an ounce, and aluminum $1 a pound, silver would be really fifty times more costly, bulk for bulk; aluminum at $1 a pound would be only twice as costly as copper at fifteen cents a pound.—Bradstreet's.

Numbering Pages of Manuscript.

The best way of numbering pages of manuscript is to use a lead pencil till the manuscript is really finished. The pencil marks can be quickly changed as often as necessary by using an eraser. When the manuscript is ready for its travels the numbers can be inked, or erased and ink written.—Cor. Writer.

It has been discovered that some of the deep sea crustaceans of the Indian ocean are highly luminous, thus furnishing what is thought to be the first positive proof that the source of light in the dark abysses of the ocean is the self luminosity of the animal inhabitants.

*Mr. H. T. Brown, living in Shady Grove, Franklin Co., Va. says:—Having thoroughly tested Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup in my family I cheerfully certify to its uniformly good effect, and recommend it as a most excellent remedy.

"He that is down need fear no fall;" but he that is down with catarrh need use at once Old Saul's Catarrh Cure, the sure relief for this troublesome disease. Price 25 cents. At all dealers.

PEACE NOT YET DECLARED.—As long as the fight lasts among the wall paper manufacturers the Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of No 12 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia, will give the public the advantage of the drop in prices. We get this from their direct. Send four two cent stamps for samples of their 9, 12 and 15c gilts.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Jan. 5, 1891.

WANAMAKER'S MODERN METHODS IN MERCHANDISE.

The large idea in our offerings of merchandise at this period of the year is to turn to account the conditions which under old notions made the Mid-Winter dull. Our modern methods admit no idleness, tolerate no inaction. Ceaseless activity is reasonable, essential from all points, ethical, economic, humanitarian. Good for all concerned. We might have more to say about that were this not an advertisement.

When demand slackens good bargains come, holders want to sell. It is a Mid-Winter chance. We improve it for you. Hence the great income and outgo of goods at prices you never used to dream of, much less see. The great illustration of this you may observe here daily in the sales of the White Fair—Muslin Underwear, Linens and White Goods.

Other examples will fall into line to-day—Silks, Flannels, Dress Goods, and the same will be true all day and every day all through January.

Important but merely incidental is the stock review which comes with the New Year. Any stuffs or things of lingering propensities are then invited out. We speed the parting with such winning prices that you are charmed, as you ought to be, and make friends of the Bargains. And so there are Wraps and Jackets, certain kinds of men's Overshoes, House Furnishing things, and many other items that mean money out for us but in for you.

The Mid-Winter period is a time of social activity, but otherwise domestic quiet, and the practical sense of wise women is more and more disposed to improve this time with preparation for the Spring and Summer. Here comes our Modern Method. The old-time merchant, and he is not extinct, hides away his new stuffs until February and March, meanwhile pushes or tries to push his old goods off upon you through all the Winter season. The result is indifference for you, stagnation for him. Our Modern Method says clean up the stock with the passing season and go into each new season with all things fresh.

The Modern Method also says meet the people's wishes—anticipate them. And so we do, and that's the reason you may see here this morning a rich and great array of the newest things in India Silks, a great showing of Hamburg Embroideries in harmony with the great movement in Linens and Muslin Underwear. The bright light of the store, the beautiful display on the counters is far better than the darkness and obscurity of the Custom House for the harbingers of Spring.

This is the outline of our Merchandise program for January. It has in it the winning elements;

Quantities of goods, great and worthy in every offering.

Bargains with the rich flavor of real cheapness, true economy.

Novelties in stuffs for Dress and Household that will entertain and surprise you in advance of the coming season.

Present events are the Linen and Muslin Underwear, Wraps and Jackets. Their attractions require slight repetition.

Coming events are great bargains in Dress Goods, China Tableware, Carpets, Upholstery, Kitchen Furnishings.

Our January plans will compel a merchandise movement that will eclipse the great successes of past Winters.

Our Modern Methods have within them the potency of large results. You will see them in our daily talks about Prices and Goods.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Miscellaneous

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

PHILADELPHIA.

OUR GREAT JANUARY SALE

STILL CONTINUES

with most gratifying success, and shows that public confidence in all our published statements exists to a remarkable degree. We shall aim never to abuse that confidence by sensational or exaggerated statements.

In every department of the house, extraordinary bargains in Dry Goods are being offered, and thousands of people daily are taking advantage of the great opportunity.

Those, however who cannot visit our stores in person during this interesting distribution of Dry Goods, will be carefully and expeditiously served through our thoroughly organized

Mail Order Department.

We are issuing department catalogues containing illustrations, prices and other information regarding the different stocks, and will be pleased to forward them on request.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

MARKET AND EIGHTH STS.,

PHILADELPHIA.

ESTABLISHED 1862.

A

BOOM FOR 1891

not inflated but based on facts. I build and sell more Carriages, Harness, Sleighs, Blankets and Robes than all the rest of the Carriage Manufacturers in New Jersey added together. I have over one hundred styles each of Carriages and Harness and the largest stock of Sleighs in America to select from. I have been located 28 years on the same spot, no change of firm, no fires, no failures but continual and steady progress. The above facts are certainly evidence of merit and fair dealing. Call and Examine or send for Catalogue and Price-list.

JAMES H. BIRCH,

MANUFACTURER OF

——LIGHT——

Carriages, Harness and Sleighs,

Horse Clothing, Blankets, Robes, Whips, Saddles, Bridles, Halters, Boots,

AND EVERYTHING PERTAINING TO THE ROAD, TRACK AND STABLE.

BURLINGTON, - NEW JERSEY.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

IN CLOTHING.

We have secured property adjoining our New Store at Thirteenth and Chestnut streets, and will begin the erection of a large building. In the Spring we shall remove our business in the Ledger Building to the New Store, which is the most centrally located in Philadelphia. Great Bargains for Men and Boys before removal. This large stock of Suits and Overcoats will be sold at a Great Reduction in Prices.

A. C. Yates & Co.,

6th and Chestnut, Ledger Building.

10th and Chestnut, New Store.

PHILADELPHIA.

ABOUT PRINTING.

WE desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that the Job Department of the "Bucks County Gazette" is better equipped than any printing office in Bristol, or in the lower end of the county, in all material that is needed to produce excellent printing.

It contains the largest assortment of type, selected with care for beauty of face and diversity of work, together with a great variety of cuts, rules, borders, etc. It has four different sizes of presses, of the best makes, which perform the work in the best manner, and print with rapidity.

THE stock of paper, envelopes, cardboard and cut cards is large and varied, and the whole is under the personal and direct supervision of Geo. R. Sherman, an experienced and practical workman.

Special attention is given to printing of sale bills. Work of this character we make a point of getting done on the same day that it is ordered. Visiting and business cards, envelopes, circulars, dodgers, hand bills, posters, letter and bill-heads, books, pamphlets and all other printing done promptly and correctly. Mourning stationery kept constantly on hand.

Printing in Colors a Specialty.

Presses Run by Steam Power.

Full Count on all Jobs Guaranteed.

*Prices the Lowest. Liberal discounts given on large orders. We do more Printing and have better facilities than the other offices in Bristol combined, and consequently we have the trade, and are determined to keep it. Give the office a call and be convinced.

GAZETTE PRINTING HOUSE,

Odd Fellow's Hall, Cor. of Radcliffe and Walnut Sts.

Miscellaneous

CHOICE

Cigars & Tobacco,

Cigarettes, Snuff, Pipes,

ETC., ETC.

A Full Line. "Hit the Highland Pipe," at

57 MILL STREET.

Come and see me. EUGENE HIGHLAND.

"Time is Money"

We have a Fine New Stock of

Winter Underwear,

Ready-made Clothing

—and—

Gent's Furnishing Goods,

Which we offer at the Lowest City Prices.

☞We are also giving away Albums. Drop in and see how we work the scheme.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER A SPECIALTY.

YOST & STEPHEN, 34 Mill St.

Sherman & Peirce,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, &c.

Specialties made of

HOT-BED SASH, BERRY BOXES AND ENGRAVING BOARDS.

Dorrance Street, near Railroad

JOS. SHERMAN. WM. C. PEIRCE

Philadelphia Cash Grocery

AND CHICAGO BEEF MARKET,

Radcliffe & Market Sts., Bath & Buckley Sts. Bristol, and Second & Fairman and Hudson and Mott Sts., Trenton, N. J.

FOUR STORES!

Immense quantities of goods bought for cash prices, for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates.

Choice Roast, 10c per lb. up.
Choice Steak, 12c. up Stewing Meat, 4, 6, 8, 10
Gilt Edge Butter, 25c. per lb.

FRED. B. BOOZ,

—DEALER IN—

FINE GROCERIES, FRUITS, AND PROVISIONS

A specialty in

TEAS AND COFFEES.

Goods Delivered Promptly.

COR. RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

☞Your trade is solicited.

J. D. LOWDEN,

No. 50 Mill Street, Bristol,

HAS THE FINEST STOCK OF

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, &c.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE

Charles Guyon,

GENERAL HOUSE PAINTER!

—AND—

Hard Wood Finisher,

Washington St., next to School House,

BRISTOL, PA.

Dentistry :

GET OUT YOUR BAD TEETH BEFORE COLD WEATHER.

☞Until further Notice G. W. ADAMS will be in his office every day. ☞ANÆSTHESIA A SPECIALTY.

NO. 3 MULBERRY ST., BRISTOL.

Dentifrice, Brushes and Powder for sale.

FOR RENT.

Four brick houses on Jefferson avenue; corner of Wood street, all modern conveniences.

A. WEIR GILKESON.

STEAMBOAT COLUMBIA,

The Steamer Columbia leaves Bristol for Philadelphia daily, (Sunday excepted) at 7 15 A. M. Returning leaves Philadelphia at 2.00 P. M.

Fare 25c. Excursion 40c.
Freight carried at low rates.

JOHN NIMON,

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Groceries Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,

FRESH DAILY.

My Teas and Coffees are the Best.

COR. WOOD AND WASHINGTON STREETS

AN OFFICE WHERE

Everything in connection with

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IS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO

You can buy a Property, have the deed drawn, procure a loan on mortgage, get the building insured and the lot surveyed, the whole transaction completely and carefully attended to by one person, just as you would do it yourself, if you knew how.

A. Weir Gilkeson,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BRISTOL, PA.

Are You a Baptist?

By Profession?

By Education?

By Association?

If one, and you are not already taking it, you need

The Examiner,

The Leading Baptist Paper

EAST, WEST, NORTH, SOUTH, representing the denomination of the whole country rather than any part thereof.

Send $2, the price of one year's subscription, addressing THE EXAMINER, Box 3661, New York City, and receive the paper for fifteen months—from October 1, 1890, to January 1, 1892.

THREE MONTHS FREE.

Miscellaneous

NEVER A FAILURE.

The Red River Valley of Minnesota and North Dakota has never had a failure of crops.

It produced 30,000,000 bushels of wheat besides other cereals in 1890.

Farms can be had on the crop plan, or long time cash payments.

It is not an uncommon thing to pay for a farm from the proceeds of one crop.

It has all of the advantages of an old country in the shape of school, church, market, postal and railway facilities, and all the chances of a new country in the way of cheap lands, rich soil, and increase in values.

It is one of the most fertile and promising regions in America not yet fully occupied.

In the rush to the far west, however, this rich valley has been over-looked.

It has room for a million more people.

Write to F. I. WHITNEY, St Paul, Minn. for particulars.

Publications sent free.

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A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York.

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POND ST. MACHINE SHOP

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WE GUARANTEE TO CURE every case of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and Pulmonary Diseases, where any Specialist has failed. We can treat you by mail. Our terms are lower than any and we take small weekly payments for particulars.

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SAFE, SURE & SPEEDY CURE

Rupture, Varicocele and Special Diseases. Don't be humbugged by quacks, when you can go to Dr. Wright the only regular physician in Philadelphia who makes a specialty of the above diseases and cures them? Cures guaranteed. Advice free, day and evening. Strangers can be treated and return home same day. Office private. DR. W. H. WRIGHT,

241 North Ninth Street, above Race,
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Adams & Westlake Oil Stove

Gas and Gasoline Stoves,

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F. W. PARROTT,

Practical Watchmaker, Jeweler & Optician,

(Late of Queen & Co.)

2037 North Front Street,

Between Diamond and Norris Streets, has proper fitting of Eye Glasses, Spectacles, assortment Spectacles to select from. A thorough examination of the eyes free of charge.

Scribner's Magazine

For the coming year will be noteworthy for a number of special features which the Publishers believe are of very unusual interest, and among them the following may be mentioned:—

Sir Edwin Arnold

contributes to the December number the first of a series of four *Articles upon Japan*, its people, ways, and its thoughts. Mr Robert Blum, who was commissioned to go to Japan for Scribner's Magazine, has prepared a very remarkable series of drawings to illustrate Sir Edwin's papers. Articles upon the recent *Japanese Festivals* follow, illustrated by Mr. Blum.

Henry M Stanley

has prepared for the January number an important article upon "*The Pygmies of the African Forest.*" Another contribution in this field will be Mr. J. Scott Keltie's account of the recent *African Exhibition* held in London. These papers will be amply illustrated.

The Wrecker,

a Serial Novel by Robert Louis Stephenson and Lloyd Osborne, will run through a large part of the year. Illustrated by Hole. A two-part story by Frank R. Stockton will also appear.

Prof. James Bryce, M. P.,

author of "The American Commonwealth," will write a series of *Four Articles upon India*, embodying the results of his recent journey and study on this land of never-ending interest.

Ocean Steamships

will be the subject of an important series of articles, what upon the lines of the successful Race Articles. "*Passenger Travel*," "*The Life of Officers and Men*," "*Speed and Safety Devices*," and "*Management*," are some of the subjects to be touched upon and illustrated.

Great Streets of the World

is the title of a novel collection of articles in which the author and artist will collaborate, to give the characteristics of famous thoroughfares. The first, on *Broadway*, will be written by Richard Harding Davis, and illustrated by Arthur B. Frost. Others will follow on *Piccadilly*, London; *Boulevard*, Paris; *The Corso*, Rome.

The price of Scribner's Magazine admits of adding a subscription to one's other reading at very small cost. Orders should be sent at once. $3 A YEAR. 25 CENTS A NUMBER.

Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers,

743-745 Broadway, New York.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

☞Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1891.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK.—Arrives at 7.00, 10.45 A. M., 1.45 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 11.30 A. M., 1.00, 6.45 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA.—Arrives at 7.00, 7.45 A. M. 4.00, 5.00, 7.45 P. M. Closes at 5.45, 10.00 A. M., 2.45, 6.30 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.08 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c.—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.45 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION.—Arrives at 10.45, A. M., 3.12, 7.30 P. M. Close at 7.00, 10.00 A. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 10.45 A. M., 3.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

TRENTON.—Arrives at 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 3.30, 7.45 P. M. Leaves at 7.00, 8.45 A. M., 1.00 and 6.45 P. M.

WESTERN.—Arrives at 7.45, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R. TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JUNE 21, 1890.

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia at 2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.53, 7.21, 7.43, 8.12, 8.23, 9.14, 9.42, 9.52, 10.26, A. M. 12.07, 1.01, 1.34, 2.41, 3.03, 3.12, 4.05, 5.37, 5.46, 6.25, 7.00, 7.32, 8.51, 9.27, 11.03, P. M.

Sundays at 2.46, 8.11, 9.00, 9.42, 10.26, A. M. 12.04, 12.25, 5.33, 5.38, 7.21, 7.30, 8.03, 8.51, 9.28, 11.03, P. M.

Leave Broad St. Station for Bristol at 12.01, 6.07, 6.28, 6.50, 7.32, 8.25, 8.30, 10.01, 11.15 A. M. 12.01, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, 4.00, 4.20, 5.00, 5.02, 6.25, 6.00, 6.02, 6.31, 7.03, 7.27, 9.17, 11.17, P. M.

Sundays at 12.01, 7.40, 8.25, 8.30, 9.12, A. M. 2.06, 5.28, 5.55, 7.03, 8.12, 10.25, P. M.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—The School Board meets to-night.

—Council meets next Monday evening.

—The Delaware is frozen over from shore to shore.

—Misses Anna and Kate Phillips left Bristol this morning for a visit to friends at Washington, D. C.

—Gifford V. Lewis was called to Perth Amboy, N. J., last week, on account of the death of his mother.

—The Delaware is frozen sufficiently to allow pedestrians to walk over between Bristol and Burlington.

—The annual meeting of the Fidelity Building Association will be held at the Secretary's office on next Tuesday evening.

—The annual meeting of Stockholders of the Farmers' National Bank for the election of Directors will be held on next Tuesday morning.

—The annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Bristol Library for the election of a Board of Managers, will be held on next Thursday evening.

—Rev. Robert Hetherington, Miss Muschert and several other Penn Manor residents spent a pleasant evening at Miss Deborah Douglass' yesterday.

—The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Bristol Improvement Company, will be held in the room of the Bristol Library, on Tuesday afternoon, January 20th.

—Ex-Sheriff John T. Simpson, one of the most prominent and widely known men in the county, died at 10.05 on Saturday night in his room, in the Fountain house, Doylestown.

—The Baptist church is holding a week of prayer services, begin at 8 o'clock P. M. terminating at 9. No service on Saturday evening. Much enthusiasm is manifested at these meetings.

—Dr. James A. Hawk, of the United States Navy, who is now stationed at Portsmouth, N. H., and a native of Bristol, spent several days here this week, the guest of John C. Stuckert, Esq.

—John Nimon, the missing grocer, is reported to be in Philadelphia. He had been in Texas and was on his way to Florida, when his whereabouts were discovered. It is said that when he left Bristol he took $700 with him.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol Post Office, January 8, 1891: Mrs. Jos. Andrews, Elisha Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. John Bell, Nile T. Breland, F. W. Colley, Miss May Curtis, Miss Madge Chadsey, David R. Murray–2, Geo. Neubaur, Morton K. Purvis, Harry B. Smith.

—Miss Ada T. Sulger, of Trenton, N. J., who recently gave a lecture here on the subject of Psycho-Physical Culture, is about starting a course of lessons in that fascinating and healthful study. Persons wishing information in regard to terms, etc., may communicate with Miss Sulger, 109 East Hanover street, Trenton.

—The Doylestown Intelligencer has been shooting off a lot of cheap ammunition against J. Donald Cameron's re-election to the United States Senate. The Intelligencer heartily endorsed the Republican candidates for the Legislature in this county, knowing that if they had been elected they would have voted for Mr. Cameron. The Intelligencer also knows that the Democratic members that were elected will not vote for Mr. Cameron. Its fusilade is kept up for buncombe purposes merely, and will not be productive of any result. Mr. Cameron has already received the caucus nomination at Harrisburgh and will probably be re-elected with the full Republican vote.

—The following officers of Wootten Castle, No. 234, K. G. E., of Bristol, were installed on Tuesday evening last by District Deputy Wehsler: Past Chief, Geo. Callanan; Noble Chief, Thos. B. Douglass; Vice Chief, Hamlin Jones; High Priest, Chas. Parker; Venerable Hermit, Frank Gress; Master of Records, Wm. H. Smith; Clerk of Exchequer, Joel H. Sooy; Keeper of Exchequer, Chas. R. Appleton; Sir Herald, Samuel Black; Worthy Bard, Wm. F. Flowers; Worthy Chamberlain, Samuel Fabian; Ensign, Wm Roberts; Esquire, John Carothers; First Guardsman, Theo. Carothers; Second Guardsman, Robert Vandegrift; Trustees, Robert Vandegrift and Hamlin Jones; Representative to Grand Castle, Wm. H. Smith.

—Charles Shoemaker, the father of Mrs. E. J. Faber, died at his residence in Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening. The Philadelphia Ledger of yesterday morning, contains the following: Charles Shoemaker, who was said to be the oldest tailor following his business in this city, died suddenly last evening. He had been absent from business on Saturday on account of indisposition, but returned to work yesterday. He started a little earlier than usual to go to his home, 3218 Chestnut street, but grew ill in a Walnut street car, and was taken into the drug store at Broad and Walnut streets. Physicians were called, but Mr. Shoemaker died in a few minutes, it is supposed of heart failure. He was born November 27, 1807, near Deerfield, N. J. He learned the tailoring trade, and started in business on Third street, above Market. During his early business career he was in partnership with Jonathan Ogden, father of Robert C. Ogden. For 48 years he carried on business as a proprietor, being for 37 years at 31 North Sixth street. About 12 years ago he gave up his store, and has since been manager of one of the departments in Hiram DeWalt's establishment. Throughout his life he enjoyed remarkably good health, and it is said, had not lost a day from illness in the past 30 years. For 63 years past he was a member of General Marion Lodge of Odd Fellows, and was the only member of 63 years ago who remained a member until the present time. He was a life-long member of Grace Protestant Episcopal church. Mr. Shoemaker leaves a daughter and two sons.

JOTTINGS, NEW AND OLD.

Strong thoughts are iron nails driven in the mind, that nothing can draw out. Weak thoughts flow from weak minds, and prove, among other things, that mental vacancy which is due to the neglect of mental culture. It is good to experience the pleasure and advantage derived from books. Cultivate the habit of reading, and your minds will grow strong almost unconsciously. The young man in a debating society quickly shows his knowledge or his ignorance, and the one who is familiar with books easily has the advantage over one who seldom reads. In these days of cheap books and cheaper papers there is no excuse for unfurnished brains. Get knowledge if you would advance to a higher level. Spend over a book the time you are prone to give to idleness. Do something each day towards diminishing your store of ignorance. Wisdom is to the soul what health is to the body.

Precepts look well on paper but they look better in practice, adorning conduct and embellishing life. How different every community would be if each one attended well to his own affairs, doing his best on all occasions, practicing kindness, giving some help to others, and endeavoring, even in a small way, to make life pleasing. We are all prone to selfishness, but this should be overcome as far as possible, if only for the sake of example. Like begets like. You can never cure selfishness in another by being selfish yourself. It is safe to act so that others will admire your actions. It is good to avoid what the judgement of mankind condemns, even if it be but a trifle. The most completely lost of all days is the one on which we have shown no improvement.

"Envy lurks at the bottom of the human heart like a viper in his hole." So says a French author. But envy has a good deal of congenial company in that mysterious region which the heart can profitably spare. If good things are not planted in the garden and carefully cultivated, weeds, innocent or noxious, will surely thrive.

Did you ever get tired of hearing people speak well of themselves: and were you annoyed by hearing them speak evil of others? What some people chiefly need is a check-rein to their tongues. How mute they would be, and how miserable, if they were forbidden to indulge in small talk about their acquaintances—talk that takes on a higher relish the nearer it gets to the verge of scandal or the borders of criticism. Intelligent speech seldom wearies a sane mind. It seems singular that some people expand in foolishness as they increase in years. They ought to grow wiser as they grow older. Happily, most people do. Speech without sense is a hook without a bait. It must not be forgotten, however, that he who is never guilty of follies is not so wise as he imagines.

The best community may not be that in which people are happiest, but that in which the greatest number are happy. It seems to be the lot of mankind to nurture a great deal of misery, and to suffer a great deal of hardship. Perhaps we bring most of this on ourselves. It is sad when we either designedly or innocently, or through indifference and negligence, embitter the lives of others. Have you a neighbor that never experienced your kindness, your pleasant attentions, or your friendly aid?

George Eliot says, in Felix Holt, "I am not up to the level of what I see to be best." If there are those who cannot truthfully say this, it may be because their "level" is a very low one, or their mental vision exceedingly contracted. What different mortals we would be if we all could reach and maintain the highest level of possibility. And how happy all would be if every one had a full share of what goes on in life.

Here is a remark of the shrewd "Mrs. Pogsers" that ought to have been inserted in a preceding jotting: "Some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong in their own inside."

Can it be true, as some one has said, that "the world either breaks or hardens the heart?" There are a good many broken hearts in the world, many sad ones, at least, and a fearful number of hard ones. Let us hope that the great multitude are neither sad nor hard. I would rather have a sad heart than a hard one. Too many hearts are crushed because of some others that are hard. Too many people sadly pine in silence because of the cruel hardness of others. The sorrows of one heart are often caused by the harshness of another. Some never learn that the best happiness consists in making others happy. Some never think of gladdening the hearts of those who are travelling life's journey with them. Will they be kind in the next world?

RANDOM.

—The Rev. Dr. Edward A. Foggs, the venerable rector of old Christ Church (Episcopal), of Philadelphia, has tendered his resignation, to take effect on October 1, 1891, that being the day on which he will terminate his thirty years rectorship of the parish. The length of Dr. Fogg's pastorate, says the Philadelphia Press, "would be considered remarkable in any other parish but this. All through its history of 195 years it has had but eleven officiating rectors, with terms running from fifty-seven years down to four days. It was in 1695 that the first church building was erected—a goodly structure for those days, of brick, with galleries large enough to accomodate more than 500 persons." Bishop White was one of its rectors, and during his rectorship the Continental Congress repeatedly worshiped there in a body. And Washington often occupied a pew in the church.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—When it was first suggested that a Literary and Debating Society for young men be instituted in Bristol, a number of well known citizens remarked that it could not be made a success for the reason that young men preferred reading "Yellow back" literature, or spending their evenings on the street corners gossiping about the latest base ball and other sporting news. Now if any of our citizens have the slightest doubt that the "Lotus" is a success let them pay a friendly visit any Monday evening, at the Baptist church parlor. After such visit we feel assured that their doubts will be dispelled at once. The writer has always been an advocate of night schools, but in the absence of such, the "Lotus" is accomplishing considerable toward improving the morals and intellects of a number of our young men of Bristol. At the regular meeting on last Monday evening the exercises were opened by reading of the scriptures and a prayer by Rev. Dr. Shields, of the Presbyterian church. In the absence of the President the vice-president occupied the chair. An essay entitled Quixotism, by F. Max Gress, was the first on the programme. Then followed the reading of the society journal by the editor, Doran Green. The debate of the evening "Resolved, That Prohibition is the Correct Solution of the Liquor Question," was then taken up. The affirmative side was ably discussed by Messrs. Doran Green and Thomas Ardrey, the negative by John Angus and John Thorn. The subject was then thrown open for general debate and the manner in which it was handled pro and con reflects great credit on the members. The following committee was appointed to prepare a programme for the public entertainment to be held February 2nd, 1891: Messrs. Angus, Towle, Kelly, Green, Sickels, Christy, Ardrey, Gress, Cobley and Thorn. The entertainment committee reported the following programme for the next meeting: Essay by R. B. Kelly; Reading by John Christy; Subject for debate, "Which has done the greater service to mankind, the Printing Press or the Steam Engine." In favor of the Printing Press, W. S. Wright and M. G. Hibbs; for the Steam Engine, Harry Sickel and Alex. Morrison. R. B. Kelly favored the society by readings entitled the "Brakeman at Church" and "The Boy's visit to the Dime Museum," which were heartily applauded. Adjourned to meet Monday evening, January 12th. Visitors are always welcome.

C. E. B.

—The Philadelphia, Newtown and New York Railroad Company has let the contracts for building the several new station houses along the line of the road, which for so long a time have been promised and for a much longer time badly needed. The new station and freight house at the Newtown terminus is to cost $3500, and Garret B. Girton was the accepted bidder. He also secured the contract for the new station at Churchville. This will insure work for a number of our home mechanics. The company has also contracted for new stations at Southampton and Fox Chase. We learn that all excepting the one at Newtown are to have dwelling houses attached.—Enterprise.

—The January issue of the Eclectic Magazine contains a steel engraving of Alesandria and a fine table of contents. Professor Huxley contributes a paper on "Pre-Historic Man." Mr. H. H. Johnston discusses the "Development of Tropical Africa under British Auspices." "Ouida" talks of Modern Florence, and Mrs Lynn Linton about social tendencies under the title of "Modern Topsy-Turveydom." The article on "Customs," by Sir Herbert Maxwell, is entertaining and suggestive. The anonymous article, "Deep-Sea Fish," is by that entertaining writer, Grant Allen. A popular scientific article on "Dew" is by J. G. McPherson, F. R. S. E., and an interesting paper on "The Science of Old Age," by Dr. Schofield, tells us how life may be greatly prolonged by simple means within the reach of all. "Dr. Koch's Consumption Cure" is discussed by Dr. Edward Berdoe. There are other articles of interest, including the ending of Tolstoi's story, "Work while ye have the Light." Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond Street, New York. Terms, $5 per year. Eclectic and any $4 Magazine, $8.

Through Pullman Sleeping Car, Boston to Jacksonville, via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that, commencing on Monday, January 5th, 1891, a Pullman Sleeping Car will be placed in service between Boston and Jacksonville via the New York and New England Railroad and the steamer "Maryland" route. The car will leave Boston at 7.00 P. M. and go through to Jacksonville on the fast Southern mail. Returning, the car will arrive in Boston at 6.50 A. M.

This arrangement greatly improves the facilities of Southern travel from points in New England.

WINTER TRAVEL TO FLORIDA.

The Series of Pennsylvania Railroad Tours.

That Florida is to be the haven of refuge and recreation this year is manifested by the travel already directing itself there. To meet the demand of many who cannot afford the time nor expense of several months' sojourn in the land of sunshine and soft breezes, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has announced a series of five tours to leave New York January 20th, February 3d and 17th, and March 3d and 17th at the remarkably low rate of $50.00 from that city, and $48.00 from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. Tourists will travel in Pullman Palace Cars in charge of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon. A limit has been made allowing one hundred and fifty passengers only to each tour, so that applications for space and tickets should be made well in advance.

The round-trip rate includes Pullman accommodations and meals en route in dining car attached to the train, and tickets will be sold from all principal stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad system to a connecting point with the special. For detailed information and descriptive itinerary application should be made to Pennsylvania Railroad ticket offices.

A Missing Car.

"Up in Wisconsin, when I was assisting J. M. Whitman to raise the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha out of the mud and make a railroad of it," remarked the gentleman, "we had a piece of several miles of the crookedest track on earth. It was bad grade, bad curve, bad track and all bad. One day a freight train started from Hudson for Eau Claire with forty-seven cars. When it reached Eau Claire the conductor had only forty-six cars. His way bills called for forty-seven cars, and he remembered starting out with the identical car which was missing. No car had been switched, and the affair was mysterious. I suspended the conductor and his crew, and telegraphed to every agent on the line to trace the car.

"Two days later I received a reply from an agent near the worst curve. He had found the car lying in the ditch by the track. In running over the bad track at high speed the train had broken in two and the missing car had jumped the track and rolled down the embankment. Then the rear section had overtaken the first section and bumped into it with just jar enough to force in place a coupling pin which had remained up when the train broke. The train was then coupled again, and the car was never missed until the train was checked up at the receiving station."—Chicago Herald.

—The Sheffield cutlery manufacturers have sustained important losses owing to the McKinley bill. The export trade has fallen off about two thirds since the law went into effect.

—The Society of Friends, which has so long resisted Christmas, has at last succumbed to its joyous associations. At Kennett Square, this year, their First Day School, for the first time, celebrated Christmas after the usual fashion of other denominations.

"Who, did you say, is to be the next President?" "Oh! I don't know and don't care. I'm not looking for Presidents—I'm looking for a bottle of Salvation Oil. It kills pain every time." 25 cts.

One of our most estimable citizens may be thankful for the introduction of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, for its timely use has saved his life. For incipient consumption it is a certain remedy. Price 25 cts.

—Among the changes in the Pennsylvania Railroad occurring at the first of the year is the transfer of J. B. Hutchinson, superintendent of the Western Division, to the position of superintendent of the Maryland Division of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad. Mr. Hutchinson is not only a thorough and practical railroad man, but a gentleman of refined and cultivated tastes, and all who are brought in contact with him in business relations are charmed with the social and scholarly characteristics of the man.—Philadelphia Times.

He Yelled Kemp's Balsam.

I yell "Take Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure." I always do when I hear a man cough, and I can't help it. It saved me and it will cure you. I was threatened with pneumonia last winter and it broke it up. It helps the children out when their throats are sore, cures their coughs, and tastes so good. The first dose helps you. So writes A. R. Arnold, engineer on the West Shore Ry., at Canjoharie, N. Y.

25 Bond Street, New York.

Take Warning

And don't let the germs of that vile disease, Catarrh, take root and flourish in your system. Sulphur Bitters will prevent this and will make you strong and healthy.—Editor Weekly Press.

Look at him!

A year ago he was not expected to live. Liver complaint almost killed him. He got great relief from three bottles of Sulphur Bitters, and six bottles cured him.—Editor Weekly Sun.

Hold it to the Light.

The man who tells you confidentially just what will cure your cold is prescribing Kemp's Balsam this year. In the preparation of this remarkable medicine for coughs and colds no expense is spared to combine only the best and purest ingredients. Hold a bottle of Kemp's Balsam to the light and look through it; notice the bright, clear look; then compare with other remedies. Price 50c, and $1.

To Nervous Debilitated Men.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous debilitated system, and how they restore you to vigor and manhood. Pamphlet free. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on a trial.

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 50c and $1 at all druggists'.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Fall and Winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

Cut Flowers

for Corsage bouquets, Floral designs in choice flowers for funerals. Harry Chambers, Florist, 23 Market street.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS BUT ONE CURE DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it effecting a speedy and permanent cure whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, Golden Specific Co., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

Colonists for Montana, Oregon, Washington or British Columbia points should take no other line than the Northern Pacific Railroad.

This railroad, with its main and branch lines, has brought into communication with the east all prominent sections of the great northwest. It is the only line traversing Montana and Washington. It is the only line running through trains from the east to and through the state of Washington. It is the short line from St. Paul to Butte City and Helena, Mont., Spokane Falls, Wash., and Portland, Oregon, and the only all rail line to Tacoma and Seattle, Wash.

Under present car arrangements Pullman sleeping cars and furnished tourist sleepers are run via the Wisconsin Central, and Pullman Palace Sleepers via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and Northern Pacific from Chicago through to the Pacific coast without change.

In addition to this service the Northern Pacific runs on its through express trains regular day coaches, dining cars and free colonist sleepers from St. Paul to Tacoma and Portland.

The Northern Pacific line allows the holders of second class tickets to stop at Spokane Falls, Wash., and at all points west thereof, ten days at each place desired. This will enable settlers to thoroughly examine all lands for sale in the new state before selecting a permanent location. No other line offers holders of second-class tickets an opportunity of examining all sections of this great state without the payment of additional fares of from $5.00 to $20.00.

For Maps, Time Tables and Illustrated Pamphlets, or any special information desired, address your nearest ticket agent, or Chas. S. Fee, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

American Wealth.

Not greater than the wealth of America was the fabled wealth of the Indies. There are a thousand Americans worth $1,000,000 or more. There are at least five Americans richer than Crœsus of song and story.

The wealth of the Duke of Westminster, whose fortune is the greatest in Europe, is at a careful estimate £10,000,000, or $50,000,000, and it is the accumulation of a long ancestry. Most of the American fortunes are the accumulation of a single generation.

The aggregate wealth of the Rothschilds reaches nearly $1,000,000,000, but it is distributed among so many that no individual Rothschild is worth over $40,000,000. The Vanderbilt family wealth foots up nearly $250,000,000 and is held in comparatively few hands. There are scores of Americans who are richer than any ruling monarch of the eastern hemisphere. The incomes of many monarchs are large, but they are derived from the civil lists of the countries over which they hold sway, and do not represent the accretions of their own fortunes.

As a people the Americans are the richest in the world. Money is more easily acquired here than anywhere else, and it is likewise more liberally spent. What are considered moderate fortunes here are in other lands regarded as stupendous aggregations of wealth. There are no such opportunities of making money in other countries as in this, and therefore it may be expected that the number of American millionaires will be multiplied and the fortunes of the present millionaires doubled, tripled and quadrupled within the next two decades.—New York World.

DIED.

SHOEMAKER.—Suddenly, at Philadelphia, January 6, 1891, Charles Shoemaker, father of Mrs. E. J. Faber, of Bristol, Pa.

Miscellaneous

NOTICE.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Fidelity Building Association will be held at the office of the undersigned, on Tuesday evening, January 13, 1891, at eight o'clock, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may arise.

A. WEIR GILKESON, Sec'y.

In the Orphan's Court of Bucks County.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PARTITION OF THE REAL ESTATE OF CHAS. G. STOUT, LATE OF THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL, DECEASED

TO all the heirs and devisees of Charles G. Stout, deceased, and to all others interested: You are hereby notified that the said Court has granted the following rules, viz.:

And now to wit, January 6, 1891. The Court grants a rule on all the heirs, devisees and parties interested in said real estate, to appear at an Orphan's Court to be held at Doylestown, in and for said County, on the Third day of February, 1891, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to accept or refuse the said real estate at the valuation thereof, or at a higher price, and also show cause why the same shall not be sold by order of the Court.

By order of the Court.

J. JOHNSON BEANS,
High Sheriff of Bucks County.

WM. & J. C. STUCKERT, Atty's for Petitioners.

Sheriff's Office, Doylestown, Pa.
January 6th, 1891.

The Press (NEW YORK) FOR 1891.

DAILY. 6 pages, 1c. SUNDAY. 20 pages, 4c. WEEKLY. 8 or 10 pages, 2c.

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Legal Advertisements

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ELLWOOD DORAN, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

ELLWOOD BURTON, Administrator,
Tullytown, Pa.

or, B. F. & A. W. GILKESON & WM. S. WRIGHT his Attorneys, Bristol, Pa.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of PETER WHITE, deceased, late of Falls Twp., Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

EDMUND WRIGHT, Administrator,
Morrisville P. O.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of W. TAYLOR POTTS, M. D., late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate will make payment, and those having legal claims or demands against the same, will present them for settlement without delay, to

SARAH A. POTTS,

Or to her Attorney, J. C. STUCKERT.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ELIZA BOOZ, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

W. B. BAKER, Executor.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKholders of this Bank, for the election of Directors and other business, will be held at the Banking House, on Tuesday, January 13th, 1891, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M., and 12 o'clock noon.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of LUCY A. KEEN, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate, will make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them for settlement without delay, to WILSON RANDALL, Executor.

Or His Attorney, JOHN C. STUCKERT.

Miscellaneous

Dissolution of Co-partnership.

BRISTOL, PA., December 26, 1890.

THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXisting in Bristol, Pa. and Trenton, N. J. between the undersigned, under the name of "The Philadelphia Cash Grocery," is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

The business in Bristol will hereafter be conducted by Samuel I. Whitaker, by whom all the debts of the Bristol stores will be paid.

SAMUEL I. WHITAKER,
CHARLES S. BURLEY.

THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS has won the foremost place among Pennsylvania newspapers by the liberality, enterprise, and fairness with which it conducts its business, reports great events and the completeness with which it records, day by day, the life of the city, State and country.

Its field is world-wide, and its staff, its special correspondents, so many and well organized, its source of news so numerous, that it appeals to a wider constituency than any other newspaper ever published in Pennsylvania.

"THE PRESS," said one of the managers of the Western Union Telegraph Company, "now receives more telegraphic news than all the other Philadelphia newspapers combined." This statement is authoritative and conclusive, and THE PRESS presents as daily witnesses to its truth, its twelve to twenty-four bright and interesting pages.

But it is not only by its news enterprise—by the zeal, energy and integrity of its reporters and correspondents that THE PRESS has won and held the confidence of its many thousands of readers, representing every age and every condition of life, every trade and every profession, every faith and every political opinion. It is the excellence and varied interest of THE PRESS as a general family journal, appealing to women as well as to men, which have made for it so many friends at home, and extended its reputation throughout the country. It prints every important event of the world's progress.

The printing of news is always its first business but its columns are also enriched by contributions from the most gifted special writers, the most famous novelists, and some of the most eminent public men of the time. The literary engagements already made for 1891, probably surpass in number and variety, and nearly equal in cost, any contemporary magazine, for the field and resources of such a newspaper as THE PRESS make it not only a daily historian, but a daily forum and a daily tribune.

Its steadily growing profits and its steadfast constituency not only demand, but insure progress. The greatest authors, as well as the brightest news correspondents, find their largest profits derived from any Pennsylvania newspaper, as well as their best Pennsylvania audience, in DAILY, SUNDAY, and WEEKLY PRESS.

In politics THE PRESS is Republican, but it knows no other master than the people whose rights, aspirations, and needs it always defends. It has no enemies to punish, no individual political ambitions to foster or promote, and is subservient to no politician or clique. Faithful to the great body of readers and voters, whom it truly represents, it promotes its own interest and influence by faithfully upholding theirs. Its editorial opinions are fearless and frank—never captious. Its news is always impartial. In its pages the working man finds as ready audience as the capitalist. To all commercial and industrial progress, to the best thought and best action in every sphere of human enterprise, it accords a generous and enlightened hospitality. In the columns of THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS justice finds "all seasons Summer."

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is at all times prepared to do jobs of

HAULING

of every description, and at prices to suit the times.

Furniture handled with care.

Orders left at Kelley's Cigar Store, No. 68 Mill street, will receive prompt attention.

YOUNG'S DRUG STORE,

55 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.

We have on hand a large & well selected stock of

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,

Perfumery & Toilet Articles,

White Lead, Oils & Varnishes.

Agent for the sale of Nice & Raw's

Ready Mixed Paints,

These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market.

We give personal attention to the compounding of Physician's Prescriptions, at all hours, day or night, and guarantee PURITY and ACCURACY always.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

T. B. DOUGLASS,

No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol Pa.,

Has always on hand a large stock of first class Stoves and Tinware.

Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges. Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Metaline Brilliant,

the best article in the world for cleaning nicke, brass, silver, &c.

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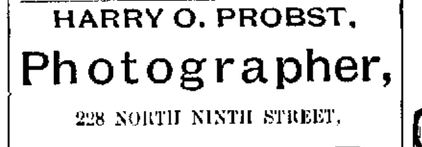

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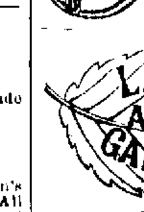

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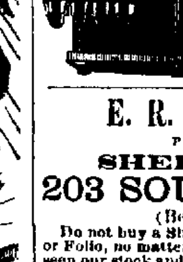

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As when a blossom first awakens, dear,
And, called by heaven's mighty Alchemist,
Unfolds the fragile leaves the wind has kissed
Before the great eye, strong and crystal clear,
And lets the ardent sun draw near—
So all my life has bloomed, I wist,
In perfect love too mighty to resist,
O noblest woman, whom I most revere.

I offer you a life; it's good and ill,
Tho' not in haste or careless disarray,
But as the highest tribute—only meet.
You may not take the gift, 'tis as you will,
Yet must I bring you this, my all, lay
My manhood's strength and promise at your feet.

—Georgia Roberts in Pittsburg Bulletin.

A FIGHT ON THE BORDER.

"It was in '75," said the frontiersman, "that I first crossed the plains. A mining boom was in progress at a place that I will call San Pedro. It was about 200 miles from Denver and not a railroad near it. So I went down by stage. I worked a while at mining, but I didn't make a strike, so I drifted down to a small town then known as Cow Gap, but dignified now by a longer name. I spent most of my money there, and one day I took it into my head to start out on a tramp. I headed for Pueblo, a good way off, I know; but I was in no hurry, and as there were several ranches only half a day's walk apart I was not troubled about food and shelter. Folks are very hospitable in the west. I managed to get off the right trail while crossing one of the mountains, and although I was on some kind of a wagon road I didn't come to any ranch. I had some bacon, salt, matches, five pounds of flour and a dozen large potatoes with me, so I had no trouble in getting dinner. I didn't much relish the idea of camping out, as I had no blanket, but had about resigned myself to it when I saw the smoke of a ranch.

"When I reached the house I was attacked by two enormous dogs, but I beat them off and shouted until a woman appeared. She seemed surprised and somewhat annoyed to see me, but when I offered to pay for my board she asked me into the house, where a man was sitting by a huge fire. It seemed that he was simply a neighbor. The master of the house was away, the woman said. The neighbor was just keeping her company during his absence. The neighbor was very sociable, but he seemed a trifle uneasy and wanted to find out all about me. I had nothing to conceal, so I made his pumping process easy work, and when, as I supposed, he was satisfied that it was safe to leave me alone with the woman, said good-by to both of us, mounted his horse and rode away.

"The ranchman was expected home by 8, but he had not arrived when the clock struck 10. The woman did not seem uneasy at his absence. She and I had been chatting about many things. She had just shown me where I could sleep and I was preparing to turn in when I heard a horse's hoofs ringing on the frosty road. It struck me that the animal was being ridden for all it was worth, and I wondered whether any accident had befallen my hostess' husband and if the rider had come laden with bad news. The horse was reined up short at the gate leading to the house. I peered out through the window. A medium sized man with a handsome beard was rapidly removing the saddle and bridle. These he tossed inside the gate, and then gave the horse a smart cut with his "quirt" or whip. The animal—a fine Kentucky bred black—wheeled and galloped off at a tremendous pace. The man listened until the hoof beats died away in the distance and then entered the house. I heard him talking with his wife, for I did not doubt that the newcomer was the owner of the ranch. I wondered why he had ridden so furiously and then turned his splendid horse adrift, for the night was chilly and the horse very warm. Presently footsteps approached my door and I heard my hostess' voice.

"'My husband wants to speak with you at once,' she said. 'Will you please make haste?' Wondering more than ever at this request, I hastily resumed such of my clothes as I had thrown aside and joined the couple in the living room. The man was eating some supper that she had prepared. He seemed hurried, but perfectly cool. She looked worried.

"'Sorry to disturb you, stranger,' he said, looking up as I entered the room. 'My wife tells me that you asked for shelter and she has given it to you. I'm glad to meet you, but it's unfortunate that you happened here to-night. From the look of you I don't think you'd betray the man whose grub you have eaten, but I can't afford to take chances. I'm Tom King.'

"While he was speaking a dozen conjectures flitted across my mind. Did he mean to kill me? I wondered and as he declared his determination to risk nothing I involuntarily felt for my revolver. As his name—that of a noted desperado—left his lips, however, I gazed into the muzzle of a Colt 45. He must have had the weapon on his knee. It is scarcely necessary to say that I did not attempt to draw my 'shooting iron.' I had learned sufficient to know when a man got 'the drop' on me. Observing this he lowered his weapon.

"'Don't take offense, young man,' he said. 'Don't fool with your gun either. Lay it on the table.'

"I complied.

"'You are recently from the east, are you not?' he asked. I answered in the affirmative.

"'Ah,' he said, reflectively, 'I was in Wall street fifteen years ago.'

"Something in his appearance, I knew not what, made me look closely at him. 'So your name now is Tom King,' I remarked. 'Did you ever meet my father, Nicholas Greener?'

"He started from his chair. 'You don't mean to say that you are little Fred Greener? I see the likeness now, though. Well, your father did me many a good turn. I'm more sorry than ever that you should have come here at this time. The sheriff and a large posse are after me, and I guess there'll be a fight.'

"The ranchman was an old friend of my father's. He used to visit my family very frequently when I was a youngster in knee breeches. He wore no beard in those days. He had often given me tips, and he was, I knew, then a most extravagant man. I dimly remembered that he had held a prominent position in 'the street' and that he suddenly ceased coming to our house. I remembered also that my father had spoken regretfully of his fall, and that the commercial world had been astounded at the magnitude of the series of robberies that he had committed. I also knew that he had been arrested and 'jumped' his bail—I think with the consent of his sureties. He watched me for a moment while I pondered on these things. Then he spoke again:

"'Don't breathe my name to any living soul, Fred,' he said. 'It was supposed that I was drowned on board the Merry Monarch, bound for Buenos Ayres. Never correct that impression. Now for the events of the present. If the sheriff happens to meet my horse down the road he will call in at the old ranch before he comes here. If not, he will be at the gate in fifteen minutes. I won't surrender, and he means business.'

"He paused and looked inquiringly at me. 'What do they want you for?' I asked.

"'I have a penchant for other people's horses. I got a good number last winter. I never rob my neighbors, but the present sheriff's father lives in the next county, and I took one of the old man's horses. They swore vengeance. They hadn't any proof against me then, but they got on my trail last week and went to arrest me on a false charge that they got a poor fool, who lost a mule lately, to swear to. I never stole a mule in my life, and I won't be arrested to lie in jail until this sheriff can prove something against me. Now I don't want you to get into trouble, but as you are here you had better stay until the thing's settled. You need not help either side.'

"During our conversation Mrs. King had been 'clearing the decks for action,' as a sailor would put it. She had brought half a dozen rifles, a shotgun and two Colt's revolvers into the room. Boxes of cartridges already lay close at hand, and thick shutters, evidently constructed for the purpose, were fastened on the windows. My revolver still lay on the table. King transferred it to his pocket. 'If I am killed tell your story, omitting any reference to our former acquaintance,' he said. 'This will confirm it, and so will Mary here. Won't you, Mary?'

"A tear trickled down his wife's cheek. 'Don't talk so, Tom,' she said. 'But of course if anything should happen I'll see that this friend of yours is not arrested.'

"'Her people live in Kansas; she is provided for all right if I die,' said King, as his wife left the room. 'Hello, here they are!'

"The sound of horses' hoofs was distinctly audible. The house was protected in the rear by a bluff too precipitous to climb. One of the windows, at which King took his station, commanded the road and all approaches. The night was moonlight. The thud of hoofs came very near and then ceased. I watched the road from a loophole in one of the shutters. Soon a white flag appeared from behind the bluff. It was followed by the man who carried it. He halted at the gate for a moment and hailed the house. The dogs sprang savagely at him, but seemingly recognized an acquaintance, for when he spoke to them the creatures licked his hand.

"'It's Ezra Thornton,' said King in a low tone.

"'Tom! hello, Tom!' shouted the flag bearer.

"'Answer him, Mary,' said King. Mrs. King opened the door.

"'Tom's not at home, Mr. Thornton,' she said. 'It's so late that I can't ask you in.'

"'The sheriff is here, Mrs. King; he knows that Tom is at home. I came along so as to prevent trouble, if I could. Now, it ain't any good Tom's fighting. The sheriff's ridden from Pine lake on his trail, and he means to take him if he has to burn down the house. Don't let him make trouble, Mrs. King.'

"'Shut the door, Mary,' said King; a half smile was on his face. His wife sighed.

"'It's no use, Mr. Thornton; you must tell the sheriff that Tom's not at home and that I can't open the house at this time of night,' she said. Thornton shook his head sadly and retraced his steps.

Five minutes elapsed. They seemed an age to me, but King lighted a cigar and smoked it as placidly as if he were back in New York, waiting to take his wife to the theatre. Then a dozen men appeared from behind the bluff and started for the gate. King swung his Winchester to his shoulder, flung open the door and hailed them, 'Go back or throw up your hands!'

"The barrels of a dozen rifles gleamed in the moonlight as they were focused on the door, but King had shut it almost as he spoke.

"The sheriff and his men slowly retreated. Neither side seemed desirous of beginning an attempt at bloodshed. As they reached the shadow of the bluff the posse halted, and the sheriff stepped forward and formally called upon King to surrender. King took no notice of the command. Then the sheriff said something to his followers, and they started on a run for the gate. King raised his rifle again, took steady aim through the hole in the shutter of his window and fired.

"The sheriff dropped. The others came on. King fired again. Another man fell, clutching at the ground and swearing horribly as he rolled over in agony. Then his companions halted.

"'Drop!' called King, and I crouched below the level of the window. King and his wife were both on their knees out of danger. As I stooped there was a sharp volley. Bullets struck the walls, which were impenetrable, and two holes in the shutter of King's window showed that the marksmen had selected the right target. King had risen to his feet and fired three times, wounding two more men. Another volley rang out. He was in the act of pulling the trigger. Three balls penetrated the shutter and one wounded him in the shoulder.

"Mrs. King turned pale, but she said nothing and brought some warm water from the kitchen, with which she stood ready to bathe his wound. He had no time to stop for that. The sheriff's men were almost within such an angle of the door as would render it impossible to aim at them from the loopholes. King's rifle cracked again; it was answered by another volley from outside, and he reeled back, wounded in the neck and thigh. He fainted from the pain, and I, too, fainted from the nervous strain, I suppose; I was only a youngster then, you know.

"When I regained consciousness the sheriff was inside the house. He had been only slightly wounded. After King fell his wife talked with the attacking party, and admitted them on the sheriff's promise that her husband's life should be protected. It would have been madness to bar them out, as they told her plainly that they would break in at any cost, even if they risked her life.

"Two of the men wounded by King were very badly hurt. A doctor had come up from Cow Gap with the sheriff, anticipating bloodshed, for King had often quietly but forcibly declared his intention of resisting to the death any attempt that might be made to arrest him. The doctor had remained with King's friend, Thornton, behind the bluffs while the fight was in progress. He attended to all the wounded. King was painfully but not mortally hurt. One of the others, however, was in a very dangerous condition. The whole party camped for the night at the ranch. I was placed under arrest on suspicion of being an accomplice of the horse thief who had been my father's friend.

"The next day we went down to Cow Gap, where I was released on proving the truth of my story, but I was enjoined from leaving town, as they wanted me for a witness at King's trial, which would take place as soon as his condition permitted. A week later he was brought down and locked up in the wooden shanty that they called a jail. He broke out one night and made good his escape, much to the disgust of his jailors, who supposed that weakness would effectually debar him from any attempt of that kind. A hunt was instituted by the sheriff, who had quite got over his wound, but King had covered his track as skillfully as when he fled from New York, and the search was completely fruitless. His wife vanished at the same time, and an attempt was made to track her, but she did not go to her parents' home, and the authorities never solved the mystery of her disappearance."—Detroit News.

What It Was.

"You are limping so," she said, glancing downward at his new and narrow "patent leathers" with pitying eyes, "I'm afraid there is something in your shoes?"

"So there is," returned he, in agonized tones. "It's feet."—Kate Field's Washington.

Poison Proof Animals.

Neither differences of organization in animals nor in the constitution of the poisonous substance generally afford any clew for interpreting an exceptional want of effect. Unaccountable is the immunity of rabbits against belladonna leaves (Atropa belladonna, deadly nightshade). You may feed them with belladonna for weeks without observing the least toxic symptoms. The meat of such animals, however, proves poisonous to any one who eats it, producing the same symptoms as the plant.

Pigeons and various other herbivora are also to some degree safe from the effects of this poison, while in warm blooded carnivora it causes paralysis and asphyxia. In frogs the effect is a different one, consisting of spasms. The meat of goats which had fed on hemlock has sometimes occasioned poisonous effects. Chickens are nearly hardy against nux vomica and the extremely dangerous alkaloid, strychnine, contained in it, while in the smallest amount it is a fatal poison to rodents.

More remarkable yet in this respect is the immunity of Choloepus Hoffmanni, a kind of sloth living on the island of Ceylon, which, when given ten grains of strychnine, was not much affected. Pigeons are possessed of high immunity from morphine, the chief alkaloid of opium, as well as from belladonna. Eight grains were required to kill a pigeon, not much less than the mortal dose for a man. Cats are extremely sensitive to foxglove (Digitalis purpurea), which on the contrary may be given to rabbits and various birds in pretty large doses.—W. Bernhardt in Popular Science.

TO A FRIEND.

In the dim and distant future,
With its fleeting ebb and tide,
May no shadow of earth's darkness
Mark its presence by thy side.

May home ties, once sadly broken,
Link by link be welded fast,
Till the chain by love cemented
Binds the present with the past.

May thy children learn to bless thee;
May they guard thee with a love
That the angels pure and holy
Only know and feel above.

Drifting down time's changing river,
May its banks be flower lined,
Cloudless skies and birds and blossoms
And bright sunshine intertwined.

May thy bark be doubly freighted
With a wealth of joy and love;
All thou lovest sailing with thee,
And thy port be heaven above.

—Mrs. M. A. G. Hemstreet in Brooklyn Eagle

The Cat as a Humorist.

To speak of the cat as a humorist in any shape or form sounds, we admit, something very like a contradiction in terms. There are hundreds of people—and by people we mean, of course, only those who belong to the fraternity of cat lovers, and are bound by that subtle tie of freemasonry that unites all the adherents of the white, the black, the tortoise shell, the gray, the mustard and the tabby—who are prepared to maintain that the notion of humor must be altogether dissociated from the cat, and that dignity, degenerating in a few exceptional cases into pomposity on the one hand, or insolence and cynicism on the other, is her special quality, and indeed the only one marked enough to deserve particular attention.

Though we do not altogether agree with this theory, we are prepared to acknowledge that it is the one ordinarily entertained, and further to admit that up to a certain point there is a good deal to be said for it. Looked at merely from one point of view, cats are all dignity and reserve, and display a hauteur of demeanor which marks them off as the aristocrats of the animal world—their absolute refusal to hurry, even under the greatest provocation, is alone enough to earn them the right to rank as nature's nobility. We have seen a tabby with a black muzzle who, for cold, calculated and yet perfectly well bred insolence could have given points to a spiteful dowager duchess whose daughter-in-law "wasn't one of us, you know."—London Spectator.

Great Antiquity of African Pygmies.

There has been no change or progress of any kind among the pygmies of the forest since the time of Herodotus. As the bird has buildt its nest, the bee its cell and the ant its new colony, the pygmies have survived the lapse of twenty-three centuries, and have continued to build their beehive huts after the same skilless fashion as they built them in the days when Herodotus recited the story of his travels before the council of Athens, 445 years before the birth of Christ. The reason for this is obvious from my point of view, which is that the same causes which operated before the time of Herodotus to drive them out of their original lands continue to operate today to keep them in the low, degraded state they are now in.

Africa, more than any other continent, has been subject to waves of migrating peoples, who have been continually dispossessing their predecessors. Many centuries before the Asiatics came to lower Egypt the ancestors of the pygmies must have occupied the delta of the Nile, possibly while the cave men inhabited Britain and western Europe.—Henry M. Stanley in Scribner's.

Fire and Flood.

At the Little Guinea Debating club not long since the following question was up for discussion: "Ob de two great c'lamities, fire an' flood, which am de mos' c'lamitous?"

The club debated the question at great length, and it was finally referred to Uncle 'Rastus for settlement.

"I tell yo' what am de fac'," said Uncle 'Rastus frankly. "Yo' speakers done discombobberated me so dat I cayn' tell which am de bes' at argufyin', but I can tell which am de mos' c'lamitous c'lamity, an' de reason ain't been teched on by de oraytors ob de ebenin'.

"De fac' am dis: De flood am de mos' c'lamitous, 'case ye can put de fire out by pumpin' de flood onter it, but ye cayn't put de flood out by pumpin' de fire onto it nohow!"—Exchange.

Cold Weather in History.

The year 1812 is famous in history as that of the terrible retreat of the grand army from Moscow, in which Napoleon's forces were weakened by the loss of 400,000 men. This year saw some exceptionally severe snow storms in the southwest of England. Bray, a local magnate of Tavistock, returning from Exeter by way of Dartmoor, found the snow so thick at Moreton Hampstead that it was impossible to proceed farther on his homeward journey. At Moreton Hampstead he was obliged to remain for no less than three weeks until the snow had cleared off sufficiently for him to resume his travels.—London Tit-Bits.

To Solve the Cheap Fuel Problem.

Among the latest attempted solutions of the cheap fuel problem is the method of a German inventor, who proposes to manufacture gas by dropping a stream of crude petroleum through a blast of cold air from a force pump. The gas thus obtained will be confined in a regular cylinder open at one end, where it will be lighted. This produces an intensely hot flame of several feet in length. By means of this flame the inventor proposes to heat boilers, and he maintains that the heating of large blocks can thus be reduced very considerably.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Making Soup on the Frontier.

In garrison the head of our household was almost inconsolable without soup. Ox tail soup was, of course, easy to have when the beef was killed daily at a post; but if it failed the following dialogue between the master and the cook took place:

"Where's my soup?"—like some small boy demanding supper.

Eliza (with maternal look and protesting)—Ginnel, what you s'pose I'se gwine to make soup of? I ain't got nothing.

"Go out and get some stones and boil them up with something; only I want soup."

Exit Eliza perplexed, but set to thinking how to concoct something out of nothing.—Mrs. Custer's Book.

New Use for Sailing Vessels.

Though the sailing vessel has gone out of fashion with travelers, it still has its uses and its peculiar excellences. As a health restorer it certainly surpasses the steamer, on which the passenger is hardly at sea in the fullest sense, since the steam engines, the sight and smell of smoke, the stairways, the carpets and the easy chairs continually take the senses back to the land.

Lately the use of the sailing vessel as a means of bringing back health to certain classes of invalids, and particularly to consumptives, has become a regular system in England, and its results have been submitted to thorough and statistical study.—Youth's Companion.

Fate of the Caudal Appendages.

Naturally Mr. Ashton's book begins with man, and of course with tailed men. Peter Martyr says that in Inzaganin—wise Peter Martyr; for who is there that lived in Inzaganin that would contradict him? Where is Inzaganin, by the way? Well, in Inzaganin there are men with tails which were inconvenient, and there had to be holes in their chair seats to accommodate the caudal appendages. No wonder they did as Lord Moubaddo says—wore them off by sitting on rocks.—Chicago Tribune.

An Opportunity.

The following extraordinary advertisement appeared recently in a West Coast paper. Its good faith there is no doubting, and therein lies the fun:

"I want to let my furnished House shootable for Legations or any other man. And if it does not shoot the Legation, can shoot himself elsewhere. Apply to ——."—Panama Star and Herald.

ROYAL FLUSHES.

King Kalakaua is writing articles on the labor problem of Hawaii for The San Francisco Examiner.

Emperor William writes a great deal, and even has pencil and paper ready near his bed. He has little time for reading except newspapers and military works.

Princess Emineh-Hanen, the khedivah of Egypt, is a good looking woman, with an elegant figure and bright brown eyes. She is 30 years old and has borne two sons and two daughters to the khedive.

The sultan presented Ismail, the ex-khedive, with a palace in Stamboul worth £50,000. Ismail pleaded his inability to furnish the palace in proper style, and the sultan will now furnish it for him.

The Empress Augusta Victoria of Germany is now in her 31st year. She is three months older and somewhat taller than the emperor, but her hair and fresh complexion make her look younger.

The second son of Prince Albert of Prussia is destined to be the husband of little Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. He is a lad of 15 years, and is receiving a thoroughly Dutch education and military training.

The coffin in which the late King of Holland is buried is twice the size required, owing to the undertaker confusing the new Dutch metre and the old in his measurements, which mistake was discovered too late to be remedied.

Prince Mohamed Burhaneddin, the 5-year-old son of the sultan, has just been enrolled as a seaman on board of the Turkish frigate Orkanie, and the officers charged with the superintendence of his naval education have been appointed.

No one ever talks out loud when taking dinner with Queen Victoria, unless in response to a direct question from her majesty. The guests converse among themselves in whispers. From time to time the queen speaks to some one of her guests.

The princesses of the royal Persian household receive the modest allowance of a little over $6,000 each. The favorite wife of the shah has $62,500 a year. The ladies of the palace rise at dawn, but the shah does not appear until 9 o'clock or after.

The prince of Naples, who has just come of age, is a very high principled young man, with a rigid regard for truth and duty. Though reserved and somewhat shy in public he is frank and merry in private life. Devoted to all studies, he is especially fond of history and geography.

The Prince of Wales intends to introduce a reform in the dinner hour. The fashionable hour of dining has been getting later and later, and it is now generally half-past 8, and often 9 o'clock. The prince will fix the hour for dinner at 8, and what the prince does "society" will follow.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Miss Hallie Voorhees, daughter of the senator, is reported to be a convert to the Roman Catholic faith.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts laid the memorial stone of a new wing of the Printers' almshouse in Wood Green recently.

Mrs. Harrison possesses a handsome brooch with a miniature of the king of Spain and a diamond crescent ornament.

Mrs. H. McKay Twombley, of New York, is said to own the finest furs of any belle in that city. She has one mantle of Russian sable which cost $10,000.

Mrs. John Patterson, of Brazil, Ind., convulsed over a funny joke, ruptured the optic nerve and was stricken blind. This is the first case of the kind on record.

Miss Shirley Turner, daughter of Mr. Samuel E. Turner, of Brooklyn, won the first prize at the Julian Art school in Paris after only a year and a half of study there.

Lady Caithness, Duchess de Pomar, has applied to the French authorities for permission to erect a statue of Mary Queen of Scots on a site adjacent to her house in Paris.

The newest American singer to achieve prominence in Paris is Miss Huberwald, of New Orleans. She has a contralto voice, and is a fine looking girl with a vigorous physique.

Sidney Ann Wilbite, of Sedalia, Mo., is 106 years old, weighs 250 pounds, and has not seen a well day for forty years. In her youth she was a slave to George Boone, a brother of Daniel Boone.

Miss Maggie McDowell, one of the belles of Charlotte, N. C., recently wedded a German nobleman, the Baron von Maltzahn. He met Miss McDowell several years ago during her extended residence abroad.

Lady Lytton has inaugurated a tea cafe in Paris, which bears the gorgeous sign of the "Indian Palace." Externally it is a veritable Aladdin palace, and internally it is decorated with wonderful carvings from Cashmere.

John McCullough's daughter Virginia is now 15 years old and is developing into a very gifted writer. She is yet at school and is said to have no fancy whatever for the stage. Many of her verse and prose articles have appeared in print.

Mrs. Bradley Martin has purchased in Paris the crown of Marie Antoinette—not a coronet, which in picture books generally does duty for a crown, but a genuine velvet cap, with the insignia of royalty emblazoned upon it in precious stones.

ATCHISON PHILOSOPHY.

Duty is nothing more than honesty, industry and patience.

You always displease a man when you mention his opposition.

You will seldom find genius and truth in the same advertisement.

One of the heaviest burdens in life is the contempt of former friends.

Saints are not made in a day, but sinners can be made in a moment.

Those who are good when they are young are prettiest when they are old.

Every man is too extravagant with abuse, and too economical with praise.

It is easier to be brave in a great trouble than in a succession of little ones.

When you have contempt for a man, it will not be long before you hate him.

It is surprising how many trials we go through and come out on the other side alive.

Man spends so much time taking care of his money that he has no time to take care of his health.

A poor man's friends decrease with the number of days that he is sick; a rich man's increase.

It is an awful little bit of a head that swells big the first time some one comes along and pats it.

The better a man knows his fellow men, the more confidence he puts in the affection of his horse and dog.

We never feel so sympathetic for a friend in his troubles as when he remembers to ask about ours.—Atchison Globe.

A Photometric Balance.

A photometric balance has been invented by M. Lion, who uses for this purpose the dangerous explosive substance iodide of nitrogen. If this is obtained, he says, by allowing ammonia at 22 degs. to act upon iodine, it may be managed without danger if kept in the liquid. It yields a supply of nitrogen which is proportional to the intensity of light which falls upon it. The evolution of the gas begins and ceases instantly with the luminous impression.—Philadelphia Record.

He Didn't Reflect.

A clerk in a Michigan postoffice goes to prison for two years for stealing a letter containing $8. Had he stopped to reflect he would hardly have disgraced himself for life for that beggarly sum, but he didn't stop. A prison cell is a great place to strike the balance between debit and credit.—Detroit Free Press.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, lies buried in the famous Hollywood cemetery at Richmond. In the same inclosure are the graves of James Monroe and John Tyler, and of A. P. Hill and Prittchett, the noted Confederate leaders.

Miscellaneous

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Best and Purest Medicine EVER MADE.

It will drive the Humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. Those Pimples and Blotches which mar your beauty are caused by impure blood, and can be removed in a short time, if you are wise and use the great blood purifier, SULPHUR BITTERS.

Why suffer with Boils? Why rave with that terrible Headache? Why lay and toss on that bed of pain, with Rheumatism? Why makes you tremble so?—Your nerves are all unstrung, and need a gentle soothing tonic to assist nature to repair the damage which your excesses have caused. Sulphur Bitters is not a cheap Rum or Poor Whiskey drink, to be taken by the glass, like other preparations which stimulate only TO DESTROY. If you have failed to receive any benefit from other medicines or doctors, do not despair. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will cure you where all others fail. No person can remain long sick who uses SULPHUR Bitters.

The Dose is small—only a teaspoonful. It is the best and cheapest medicine. Try it, and you will be satisfied. Get it of your Druggist.

DON'T WAIT. GET IT AT ONCE.

If you are suffering from Kidney Disease, and wish to live to old age, use SULPHUR BITTERS. They never fail to cure.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published?

HUMPHREYS'

DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named.

These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the sovereign remedies of the World.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICES.
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammation...	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic...	.25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	.25
4	Diarrhea, of Children or Adults...	.25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic...	.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting...	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis...	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache...	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach...	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods.	.25
12	Whites, too Profuse Periods...	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing...	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions.	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains...	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria...	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding...	.50
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs.	.50
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
27	Kidney Disease...	.50
28	Nervous Debility...	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed.	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. DR. HUMPHREYS' MANUAL (144 pages) richly bound in cloth and gold, mailed free. HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., Cor. William and John Streets, New York.

SPECIFICS.

AGENTS Wanted to canvass for the sale of our Home-Grown NURSERY Stock. Most Liberal Terms. Unequaled facilities. One of the largest, oldest-established, and best known Nurseries in the country. Address, W. & T. SMITH, Geneva Nursery, Geneva, N. Y. Estab. in 1846.

BEST COAL AT Pioneer Coal Yard.

ESTABLISHED 1837.

Best Grades of Lehigh

For family purposes delivered promptly by good carters.

WOOD, LIME, BRICK, SAND, ETC.

FAMILY FLOUR A SPECIALTY.

E. LEEDOM & SON,
25 Bath Street.

The NEW YORK Sun.

FOR 1891.

Some people agree with THE SUN'S opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not the SUN'S fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read THE SUN.

Daily, per month,	$0 50
Daily, per year,	6 00
Sunday, per year,	2 00
Daily and Sunday, per year,	8 00
Daily and Sunday, per month,	0 70
Weekly Sun, one year,	1 00

Address THE SUN, New York.

Furniture :-: :-: Repaired
By a Good Mechanic.

I have found that the People of Bristol want a place where they can have their

Furniture Repaired in a Workmanlike manner, and also done Promptly.

I HAVE EMPLOYED
Mr. Robert Clark,

Who is well known in Bristol, to take charge of this branch and solicit your trade.

We will make
Window Shades and Mattresses TO ORDER.

Chairs Recaned, Carpets cut and laid, and everything in the repairing line promptly attended to.

JOHN G. TABRAM,
Next to Town Hall, Bristol, Pa

WILLIAM TERNESON,
Manufacturer & dealer in
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine
Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,
Cor. Mill and Pond Sts., BRISTOL, PA.

A first-class calf-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3. Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes.

Harper & Brothers.

1891.
Harper's Magazine.
ILLUSTRATED.

The important series of papers on South America by THEODORE CHILD, will be continued in HARPER'S MAGAZINE during the greater part of the year 1891. The articles on Southern California, by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, will also be continued. Among other noteworthy attractions will be a novel by CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK; a collection of original drawings by W. M. THACKERAY, now published for the first time; a novel written and illustrated by GEORGE DU MAURIER; a novelette by WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS; and a series of papers on London by WALTER BESANT.

In the number and variety of illustrated papers and other articles on subjects of timely interest, as well as in the unrivalled character of its short stories, poems, etc., HARPER'S MAGAZINE will continue to maintain that standard of excellence for which it has been so long distinguished.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS
Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States Canada, or Mexico.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $3 00 per volume. Cloth Cases, for binding, 50 cents each—by mail, post-paid.

Index to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, Alphabetical, Analytical, and Classified, for Volumes 1 to 70, inclusive, from June, 1850, to June 1885, one vol., 8 vo, Cloth, $4.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.

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1891.
Harper's Weekly.
ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has never failed to justify its title as a "Journal of Civilization," and it has done so with a constant regard to enlarged possibilities of usefulness and a higher standard of artistic and literary excellence. It leaves untouched no important phase of the world's progress, and presents a record, equally trustworthy and interesting, of the notable events, persons, and achievements of our time.

Special Supplements will be continued in 1891. They will be literary, scientific, artistic, historical, critical, topographical, or descriptive, as occasion may demand, and will continue to deserve the heart commendation which has been bestowed on past issues by the press and the public. As a family journal, HARPER'S WEEKLY will, as heretofore, be edited with a strict regard for the qualities that make it a safe and welcome visitor to every home.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS
Per Year:

HARPER'S WEEKLY	$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, or Mexico.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of HARPER'S WEEKLY for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7 00 per volume.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

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Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

1891.
Harper's Bazar.
ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S BAZAR is a journal for the home. Giving the latest information with regard to the Fashions, its numerous illustrations, fashion-plates, and pattern-sheet supplements are indispensable alike to the home dress-maker and the professional modiste. No expense is spared in making its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its clever short stories, parlor plays, and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as a budget of wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. During 1891 AGNES B. ORMSBEE will write a series of articles on "The House Comfortable," JULIET CORSON will treat of "Sanitary Living," and an interesting succession of papers on "Women in Art and History," superbly illustrated, will be furnished by THEODORE CHILD. The serial stories will be by WALTER BESANT and THOMAS HARDY.

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Per Year:

HARPER'S BAZAR	$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

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The Volumes of the BAZAR begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of HARPER'S BAZAR for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7 00 per volume.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 each.

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1891.
Harper's Young People
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Twelfth Volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE begins on November 4, 1890. This best and most comprehensive weekly in the world for young readers presents a rich and attractive programme. In fiction there will be "Campmates: A Story of the Plains," by KIRK MUNROE; "Men of Iron," a romance by HOWARD PYLE, with illustrations by the author; "Flying Hill Farm," by SOPHIE SWETT; "The Moon Prince," by R. K. MUNKITTRICK; and "Yellowtop," by ANNIE BRONSON KING. In addition to these five serials, there will be stories in two or three parts by THOMAS NELSON PAGE, HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, MARY E. WILKINS, NORA PERRY, and others. Short stories, and articles on science, history, travel, adventure, games and sports, with hundreds of illustrations of the highest character, will render HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1891 unrivalled as a miscellany of the best reading for boys and girls.

"The best weekly publication for young people in existence. It is edited with scrupulous care and attention, and instruction and entertainment are mingled in its pages in just the right proportions to captivate the minds of the young, and at the same time to develop their thinking power."—*N. Y. Observer.*

TERMS: Postage Prepaid, $2 00 Per Year.

Vol. XII. begins November 4, 1890.

Volumes VIII., X. and XI. of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE bound in cloth will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of $3 50 each. The other volumes are out of print.

Specimen Copy sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

Single Numbers, Five Cents each.

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Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

IN Bristol on Jefferson avenue, near river, and in very desirable location; a stone residence, nearly new, with 13 rooms, broad piazzas, trees, water, gas, furnace and all modern improvements. Immediate possession given, terms moderate and payments easy. Apply to A. Weir Gilkeson, agent, Jesse O. Thomas, Gazette office, or MRS. M. B. O. THOMAS, Jefferson Avenue.

Also for Sale—First-class Piano, Mantel Mirror, Sewing Machine, et. al.

M. B. O. Thomas.

Miscellaneous

T. W. & C. J. Patton,
Wholesale and retail dealer in
BEST BRANDS OF
Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, &c.
No. 6 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.,

We are in receipt of the following brands of cigars from our factory, 510 1st district "CIGARRON", guaranteed full Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper.

Specialties of P. LORRILARD & CO'S, WILSON & McCULLAY'S, BUCHANAN & LYALL'S Plug and Cut Tobaccos.

NORTH STAR,

And other brands of superior, Cut Tobaccos on hand in large quantities.

"THE ORIGINAL BRISTOL BOY." The leading straight 5 cent cigar in the market. "THE CAPTAIN." The same price and equally good in quality. "DELICIOSOS." Seed and Havana, Connecticut binder, and Sumatra wrapper.

Give the above brands a trial. Guaranteed to be as represented or no sale. Give them a trial and you will always buy.

Prices guaranteed to compete with any wholesale house in Philadelphia or New York. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

WILLIAM GRACE'S
New York Wall Paper Store.

A full line of Wall Papers and Window Shades, newest and handsomest designs. Painting, Glazing, Graining, and Kalsomining, Graining and Paper Hanging a specialty. A nice line of fine goods for special use No. 18 Mill Street.

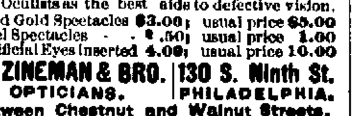
AGENTS WANTED for Dr Talmage's New Book, covering his life's work and great trip "To, Through, and From the Christ-Land," entitled

"From Manger to Throne"

Embracing a New Life of Christ, and a Story of Palestine and its People, illustrated with over 400 wonderful engravings of scenery in Holy Land, copies of old masters, and famous pictures from the Land and Times of the Saviour, also a grand picture of Jerusalem on the day of the crucifixion, in 12 colors and ten feet in length. This is DR. TALMAGE'S life work and his greatest book. Orders are now pouring in from all parts of the civilized world. You will never have another like it. 1,000,000 copies will be sold the first year. Agents should drop all else and secure territory. Such chances come only once in a lifetime. Exclusive territory given—full protection. The most remarkable and wonderful of all books about the Land, Times and people of the Bible. Go to work NOW and you will make hundreds of dollars. Territory going with a rush; act now; no capital needed. Name territory you want, and write at once for particulars to

HISTORICAL PUBLISHING CO.,
3911 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WE EXAMINE EYES FREE!



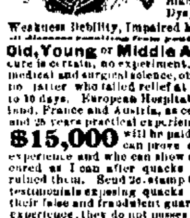
YOU THINK YOUR EYES ARE GOOD!

If you have them examined you will probably find that there is something wrong with them, and that glasses will be a great help to you.

We use inimitable "DIA MANTA" lenses, which are made only by us, and recommended by leading Oculists as the best aids to defective vision.

Solid Gold Spectacles $3.00; usual price $5.00
Steel Spectacles - .50; usual price 1.00
Artificial Eyes inserted 4.00; usual price 10.00

M. ZINEMAN & BRO. OPTICIANS. 130 S. Ninth St. PHILADELPHIA. Between Chestnut and Walnut Streets.



Dr. Theel
538 North Fourth St. bel. Green, Philadelphia. The most reliable and successful specialist for all diseases of both sexes;

Special Diseases, Blood Poison

ULCERS, Blotches, Pimples, Sore Mouth, Throat, Irritations, Scald Legs, Inflammations, Kidneys, Bladder, Lost vitality, Weak back, Dyspepsia, Piles, Melancholy, Weakness Debility, Impaired Memory and Decay, Strictures, all diseases resulting from youthful errors or from overwork.

Old, Young or Middle Aged don't suffer any longer, cure is certain, no experiment. I have everything known to medical and surgical science, obstinate and old cases solicited, no matter who failed relief at once. Fresh cases cured in 4 to 10 days. European Hospital experience in Germany, England, France and Austria, as certificates and diplomas prove, and 25 years practical experience. 10,000 cases cured yearly.

$15,000 will be paid to an advertising doctor, who can prove as great skill, knowledge and experience and who can show as many patients permanently cured as I can after quacks and advertising doctors had ruined them. Send 2c. stamp for book "TRUTH" and sworn testimonials exposing quacks and advertising doctors with their false and fraudulent guarantees and testimonials, their experience, they do not possess and their scheme of refunding money or friendly talks and their cheap and worthless drugs, neither of which cures you, but are used as decoys and result in ruin of thousands of confiding victims. Office Hours,—Every day from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., evenings 6 to 9. Wednesday and Saturday Evenings from 6—10, Sundays from 9 to 12. For References see Wednesday and Saturday Phila. Times.

W. S. WILKINSON,
PAINTER & PAPER HANGER,
WEATHER STRIPS
Furnished at all Times.
BRISTOL, Pa.

Address a postal card to P. O. Box 231, and your orders will receive prompt attention.

DR. J. T. STRADLING,
DENTIST,
No. 21 Market Street,
Bristol, Penna.

R. BUSEMAN,
BREAD AND FANCY CAKE BAKERY
AND ICE CREAM SALOON,
Bath and Otter Streets, Bristol.

Weddings and Parties Supplied at Short Notice.

E. W. MINSTER'S
Livery Stable and Ice Depot,
Pond Street, near Market Street
BRISTOL, PA.

NEW CARRIAGES, GOOD DRIVING HORSES, Single and Double Teams. Careful Drivers furnished when desired. Closed Cabs for Weddings or Funerals.

ICE. Best Quality Silver Lake Ice supplied at depot or delivered to any address within the borough limits. Orders promptly attended to.

A. STANKOWITCH,
Tuner of Piano Fortes,
No. 1534 Vine Street,
PHILADELPHIA

ORDERS LEFT AT THE "GAZETTE" OFFICE WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

FRANK S. MOSS,
PRACTICAL - BLACKSMITH,

I defy competition so far as good work and low prices are concerned. Give me a trial and be convinced that I mean what I say. Horse Shoeing, Wagon Work and Machine Blacksmithing.

CANAL ST., bet. WASHINGTON & DORRANCE, BRISTOL, PA.

Miscellaneous.

Ready MIXED Paints
IN EVERY COLOR,
—AND—
Packages from 1 lb. Upwards

A VERY GOOD MIXED PAINT
—OF WHICH—
We have Sold Hundreds of Gallons, without Complaint, as Low as
$1.00 a Gallon!

DR. PURSELL'S
DRUG STORE.

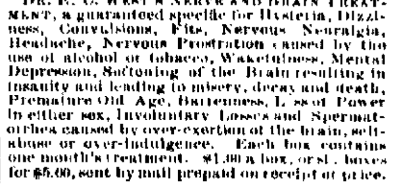
C. F. HERRMANN,
—DEALER IN—
FURNITURE, CARPETS, AND WINDOW SHADES.

Goods sold on Easy Payments.

UPHOLSTERING, FURNITURE REPAIRED

Radcliffe St., opposite B. F. Gilkeson's office, Bristol, Pa.

Health is Wealth!



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhea caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00 we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by M. Tind, Druggist, Trenton, N. J.

$500 Reward!

WE will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by the John C. West Company, Chicago, Ill. Sold by M. Tind, Druggist, Trenton, N. J.

Joshua Peirce,
Formerly of Bristol, Pa.

W. D. Rusher, P. O. Address, Box 204 TACOMA, WASH.
Formerly of Minneapolis, Minn.

Peirce & Rusher,
Real Estate & Loan Agts.
936 PACIFIC AVENUE,
TACOMA, WASH., NOV. 25.

Having made the above business connection we are prepared to negotiate mortgage loans on real estate in the City of Tacoma, or adjacent farm property in the State of Washington.

Such loans will be made with the utmost care in the selection of securities and regard for the character of the borrower; will run three to five years and bear interest at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum net to the lender, payable semi-annually. We will accompany each loan with our written agreement to take charge of the collection of interest, when due, and of the principal debt at maturity, without charge for our services.

The State of Washington and the City of Tacoma are being rapidly settled, having doubled their population within the last year, with an enterprising and energetic people engaged in business of all kinds, thus ensuring a prosperous and permanent growth of the city that will make it the metropolis of the great northwest. No better nor safer investment can be had than the securities that we are able to offer, doubly so by the continued increase in value of the property mortgaged. Abstract showing perfect title will be furnished with all loans.

We also invite those who desire to take advantage of the increasing values, by purchase, to entrust their funds to us for investment and we feel confident that we can make selections that will involve no risk and promise a large profit.

PEIRCE & RUSHER.

HOGUET'S
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
Pioneer Drug Store!
Nos. 13 & 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol Pa.

The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County. (ESTABLISHED IN 1844.) By the present proprietor. A large stock of first class Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Toilet Articles Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Diamond Dyes, &c.

Also SPICES of all kinds, WARRANTED PURE, at low prices.

Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.

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